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The Outlook.

In a recent number of *Appleton's Journal*, the place of honor is very properly given to an uncommonly genial sketch of William Black, the author of *A Princess of Thule*. The writer of this sketch modestly hides behind the initials "L. C. W.," but writes with so much delicacy and grace that even that barricade of impersonality will not very long baffle the curiosity of her readers, who recognize in this article as well as in those which she has previously contributed to the same paper, the qualities of a new and promising writer.

'n referring last week to the new Christian College in Central Turkey, for which the devoted missionary, Rev. T. C. Trowbridge, is now soliciting subscriptions in this country, we omitted to mention that the college is by no means an institution on paper, but is in actual operation. Two professors from this country are even now on their way to Aintab to engage in the work of instruction there. One of these is a surgeon, and is to act in the medical department. In his instructions to the doctor, Mr. Trowbridge facetiously charged him to exact good round sums for surgical operations, and suggested the following as a suitable scale of fees: $20 for digging out an eye, $50 for taking off a leg, and $250 for cutting off a Turk's head. Mr. Trowbridge frankly asks our opinion whether this is too much; and we as frankly reply that whatever fault may be found with the fees by the first two patients, the third one is sure to make no complaint, provided the operation is successful.

President E. O. Haven, whom one of our neighbors describes as the Methodist clergyman who has carried the itinerant principle into college presidencies, is to be inaugurated as Chancellor of the Syracuse University on the 15th of September. In advance, we congratulate the friends of Syracuse University on their felicitous choice. We doubt if in the whole Methodist denomination could be found a better man for the particular function of a Syracuse Chancellor at just this time. The University is but partially organized; its organized portions have had but a brief working experience; and it needs to be affably presented to the Conferences and the rich men of the Church for a much ampler endowment than it yet enjoys. For all these exigencies, Dr. Haven is as exactly the man as if he had been specially invented for this purpose. He has had many years of experience at the head of two young universities; he has the art of winning the love of his students, and of promoting peace and good will among all; and besides the trained gifts which he brings to the service of the University in its time of need, he will bring to the Conferences and the rich men so delightful a skill in the high art of begging that they will part with their money without stint and without a pang.

A very important work on *The Celibacy of Priests and Its Consequences* has been recently published in Geneva, and is strongly commended to public attention in a circular signed by Hyacinthe Loyson, Dean Stanley of Westminster, and Leonard Woolsey Bacon of New Haven. The work is in French, and is by the Abbé Chavard of Geneva. It is the fruit of several years of study seriously and patiently pursued while the author was exercising the functions of vicar in one of the principal parishes of Marseilles. The subject, however little considered in America as yet, is one of intense and very practical interest in Europe, and both there and here it touches the most sacred interests of morality, society and religion. It is no slight praise to say that the author has treated the subject with moderation as well as with an exhaustive and scholarly thoroughness. The work is dedicated to Mr. Loyson and is prefaced by a letter from him. It will be of value to many of our readers to add that a special edition of the work has been imported by J. B. Ford & Co., of whom copies may be had.

One of the new books about to be offered to the public by Hurd & Houghton has a timely subject. It is called the *Daily Service*, and is a book of religious offices for daily use through all the seasons of the Christian year. The approaching convention of the Episcopal Church will plainly have to consider in some of its phases the subject of worship in the church, and this book will offer a practical solution of a part at least of the problems involved. It is intended not as a substitute for the Prayer Book, but as a supplement to it, by which the wealth of devotional exercises contained in the Scriptures and the Ancient Liturgies is brought into orderly use. It contains seven daily offices for the public worship of the church, adapted also for private and family use; a morning and evening service for each season; also special services for Christmas Eve, Passion-tide and Easter-morn, and offices for the use of the clergy and visitation of the sick. The calendar contains a table of lessons for morning and evening services according to each week of the Christian year, including two sets of lessons for Sundays. The Psalms are arranged under seventy-nine selections suited to the seasons. It contains about fifty canticles from the Scriptures, seven litanies, and about five hundred prayers with intercessions for various occasions. It will be specially suitable for use in schools, colleges, seminaries and Sunday-schools. Books of similar aim have been published for use in the English church, but this is the first comprehensive and conservative one undertaken in America, and will doubtless excite wide interest and be the means of manifold blessing.

Dr. Antoinette Brown Blackwell has an ingenious article in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in the course of which she gives masculine self-conceit a most scientific knock on the head. She makes the uncommonly strong point that nature is on the side of the females. "Among the beings of lower type, plant and animal, all the more recent observations indicate that nature herself systematically favors the females—the mothers of the destined races. Nature's sturdiest buds and her best-fed butterflies belong to this sex; her female spiders are large enough to eat up a score of her little males; some of her mother-fishes might parody the nursery-song, 'I have a little husband no bigger than my thumb.' Natural selection, whether the working out of intelligent design or otherwise, would make this result inevitable. We might expect that the neuter bee could be nourished into the queen-mother. If required to judge *a priori*, we should decide, if there is no predetermination of sex, that the best-fed embryos would most readily become female; since the one special fact in the feminine organism is the innate tendency to manufacture, and, within certain limits, to store up reserved force for the future needs of offspring."

In endeavoring to arrive at a true theory of the differentiation of the sexes in the human sphere of animal life, we may get some help from an ingenious pamphlet by Mr. Nathan Willey, entitled *The Mortality Experience of American Missionaries*, from the organization of the A. B. C. F. M., to July 1st, 1873. One important and instructive feature in the tables arranged by the author is the comparative mortality of the men and women who go out as missionaries. "In all the unhealthy countries, with the singular exception of Persia, the mortality among women is much greater than among men. This may be partly accounted for by the younger age of embarkation and the less previous exposure to hardship. Among the missionaries to Turkey, the mortality among females who embarked under the age of twenty-five has been about two-and-a-half times as great as among those who were older at the time of leaving home. Among the female lives in the Sandwich Islands, we find eleven deaths between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-nine inclusive, while the tabular mortality calls for a fraction over six."

THE HEAVEN SIDE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE sky was soft with tender blue,
As Heaven itself were shining through,
And far above our restless world
Its bannered peace was wide unfurled.

The distant mountains' purple line
Was bathed in splendor all divine,
And seemed the valley's cup to brim
With waves of beauty to the rim.

The very wind was soft and sweet,
That rocked the grass blades at our feet,
And gently did the zephyrs blow
Across the buckwheat's billowy snow.

When lo! a change. The tranquil sky
Grew dark. Black clouds came drifting by.
Like battled hosts in war's array,
Their vengeful ranks assault the day!

And grim and sullen, fold on fold,
They hide the summer's shining gold,
Till wood, and field, and wayside path
Are menaced in their stormy wrath.

Still o'er them soft the tender blue,
With heaven's brightness gleaming through,
Was steadfast, radiant, undismayed,
Too lifted up to be afraid.

And while we shivered in the grey
Thick falling gloom that wrapped the day,
Lo! touched by spears of sunny light,
The clouds are edged with sparkling white.

And, looked on from the heaven side,
They surely must be glorified,
And where God sees them floating fair,
Seem isles of peace in upper air.

We and Our Neighbors.

BY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," "*The Minister's Wooing*," "*My Wife and I*."

CHAPTER XX.

BOLTON TO CAROLINE.

I HAD not thought needlessly to have ever obtruded myself on you again. Oppressed with the remembrance that I have been a blight on a life that otherwise might have been happy, I thought my only expiation was silence. But it had not then occurred to me that possibly you could feel and be pained by that silence. But of late I have been very intimate with Mrs. Henderson, whose mind is like those chrystalline lakes we read of—a pebble upon the bottom is evident. She loves you so warmly and feels for you so sympathetically, that almost unconsciously, when you pour your feelings into her heart, they are revealed to me through the transparent medium of her nature. I confess that I am still so selfish as to feel a pleasure in the thought that you cannot forget me. I cannot forget you. I never have forgotten you, I believe, for a waking conscious hour since that time when your father shut the door of his house between you and me. I have demonstrated in my own experience that there may be a double consciousness all the while going on, in which the presence of one person should seem to pervade every scene of life. You have been with me even in those mad fatal seasons when I have been swept from reason and conscience and hope—it has added bitterness to my humiliation in my weak hours; but it has been motive and courage to rise up again and again and renew the fight—the fight that must last as long as life lasts; for, Caroline, this is so. In some constitutions, with some hereditary predispositions, the indiscretions and ignorances of youth leave a fatal irremediable injury. Though the sin be in the first place one of inexperience and ignorance, it is one that nature never forgives. The evil once done can never be undone—no prayers, no entreaties, no resolutions, can change the consequences of violated law. The brain and nerve force, once vitiated by poisonous stimulants, become thereafter subtle tempters and traitors, forever lying in wait to deceive and urging to ruin; and he who is saved is saved so as by fire. Since it is your unhappy fate to care so much for me I owe to you the utmost frankness. I must tell you plainly that I am an unsafe man. I am like a ship with powder on board and a smouldering fire in the hold. I must warn my friends off, lest at any moment I carry ruin to them, and they be drawn down in my vortex. We can be friends—dear friends—but, let me beg you, think as little of me as you can. Be a friend in a certain degree, after the manner of the world, rationally, and with a wise regard to your own best interests—you who are worth five hundred times what I am—you who have beauty, talent, energy—who have a career opening before you, and a most noble and true

friend in Miss Ida; do not let your sympathies for a very worthless individual lead you to defraud yourself of all that you should gain in the opportunities now open to you. Command my services for you in the literary line wherever they may be of the slightest use. Remember that nothing in the world makes me so happy as giving me an opportunity to serve you. Treat me as you would a loyal serf, whose only thought is to live and die for you; as the princesses of the middle ages treated the knight of low degree, who devoted himself to their service. There is nothing *you* could ask me to do for you that would not be to me a pleasure, and all the more so if it involved any labor or difficulty. In return, be assured, that merely by being the woman you are, merely by the love which you have given and still give to one so unworthy, you are a constant strength to me, an encouragement never to faint in a struggle which must last as long as this life lasts. For although we must not forget that life in the *best* sense of the word lasts forever, yet this first mortal phase of it is, thank God, but short. There is another and a higher life for those whose life has been a failure here. Those who die fighting—even though they fall, many times trodden under the hoof of the enemy—will find themselves there made more than conquerors through One who hath loved them.

In this age, when so many are giving up religion, hearts like yours and mine, Caroline, that know the real strain and anguish of this present life, are the ones to appreciate the absolute necessity of faith in the great hereafter. Without this how cruel is life. How bitter, how even unjust the weakness and inexperience with which human beings are pushed forth amid the grinding and clashing of natural laws—laws of whose operation they are ignorant and yet whose penalties are inexorable. How many noble young men are ruined from mere ignorant indiscretion, and their whole after life sacrificed to a few hours of inconsiderate imprudence. If there be not a Guiding Father, a redeeming future, how dark is the prospect of this life, and who can wonder that the ancients, many of the best of them, considered suicide as one of the reserved rights of human nature? Without religious faith I certainly should. I am making this letter too long; however, the pleasure of speaking to you is so great that I am tempted to prolong it, and must cut myself short.

Ever yours, devotedly, BOLTON.

CAROLINE TO BOLTON.

My Dear Friend: How can I thank you for the confidence you have shown me in your letter? You were not mistaken in thinking that this long silence has been cruel to me. It is more cruel to a woman than it can possibly be to a man, because if to him silence be a pain, he yet is conscious all the time that he has the power to break it; he has the right to speak at any time; but a woman must die silent. Every fiber of her being says this. She cannot speak, she must suffer as the dumb animals suffer.

I have, I confess, at times been bitterly impatient of this long reserve, knowing, as I did, that you had not ceased to feel what you once felt. I saw in our brief interviews in New York that you loved me still. A woman is never blind to that fact with whatever care it is sought to be hidden. I saw that you felt all you once professed, and yet were determined to conceal it, and treat with me on the calm basis of ordinary friendship, and sometimes I was indignant; forgive me the injustice.

You see that such a course is of no use in the matter of making one forget. To know one's self passionately beloved by one who never avows it is something dangerous to the imagination. It gives rise to a thousand restless conjectures, and is fatal to peace. We can reconcile ourselves in time to any *certainty*, it is only when we are called upon to accomodate ourselves to possibilities, uncertain as vaporous clouds, that we weary ourselves in fruitless efforts.

Your letter avows what I knew before; what you often told me in our happy days, and I now say in return, that I, like you, have *never forgotten*, that your image and presence have been to me as mine to you, ever a part of my consciousness through all these years of separation. And now you ask me to change all this into a cool and prudent friendship after the manner of the world, that is to say, to take *all* from you, to accept the entire devotion of your heart and life, but be careful to risk nothing in return, to keep at safe distance from your possible troubles lest I be involved.

Do you think me capable of this? Is it like me? and what would you think and say to a friend who should make the same proposition to you? Put it to yourself: what would you think of yourself if you could be as coldly wary and prudent with regard to a friend who was giving to you the whole devotion of heart and life?

No, dear friend, this is all idle talk. Away with it. I feel that I am capable of as entire devotion to you as I know you are to me; never doubt it. The sad fatality which clouds your life makes this feeling only the more intense, as we feel for those who are a part of our own hearts when in suffering and danger. In one respect my medical studies are an advantage to me. They have placed me at a standpoint where my judgment on these questions and subjects is different from those of ordinary women. An understanding of the laws of physical being, of the conditions of brain and nerve forces, may possibly at some future day bring a remedy for such sufferings as yours. I look for this among the possible triumphs of science—it adds interest to the studies and lectures I am pursuing. I shall not be to you what many women are to the men whom they love, an added weight to fall upon you if you fall, to crush you with the added burden of my disappointments and anxieties and distresses. Knowing that your heart is resolute and your nature noble, a failure, supposing such a possibility, would be to me only like a fever or a paralysis, a subject for new care and watchfulness and devotion—not one for tears or reproaches or exhortations.

There are lesions of the will that are no more to be considered subject to moral condemnation than a strain of the spinal column or the sudden fall from paralysis. It is a misfortune, and to true real affection a misfortune only renders the sufferer more dear—redoubles devotion.

Your letter gives me courage to live—courage to pursue the course set before me here. I will make the most of myself that I can for your sake, since all I am or can be is yours. Already I hope that I am of use to you in opening the doors of confidence. Believe me, dear, nothing is so bad for the health of the mind or the body as to have a constant source of anxiety and apprehension that cannot be spoken of to anybody. The mind thus shut within itself becomes a cave of morbid horrors. I believe these unshared fears, these broodings, and dreads unspoken, often fulfill their own prediction by the unhealthy states of mind that they bring.

The chambers of our soul ought to be daily opened and aired; the sunshine of a friend's presence ought to shine through them to dispel sickly damps and the malaria of fears and horrors. If I could be with you and see you daily, my presence should cheer you, my faith in you should strengthen your faith in yourself.

For my part I can see how the very sensitiveness of your moral temperament, which makes you so dread a failure, exposes you to fail. I think the near friends of persons who have your danger often hinder instead of helping them by the manifestation of their fears and anxieties. They think there is no way but to pile up the agony, to intensify the sense of danger and responsibility, when the fact is the subject of it is feeling now all the strain that human nerves can feel without cracking.

We all know that we can walk with a cool head across a narrow plank only one foot from the ground. But put the plank across a chasm of a thousand feet depth, and your head swims. We have the same strength in both cases, but in the latter the awfulness of the risk induces a nervous anxiety that amounts to a paralysis of the will.

Don't, therefore, let this dread grow on you by the horror of lonely brooding. Treat it as you would the liability to any other disease, openly, rationally and hopefully; and keep yourself in the daily light and warmth of sympathetic intercourse with friends who understand and can help you. There are Eva and Harry—noble, true friends, indebted to you for many favors, and devoted to you with a loyal faithfulness. Let their faith and mine in you strengthen your belief in yourself. And don't, above all things, take any load of responsibility about *my* happiness, and talk about being the blight and shadow on my life. I trust I am learning that we were sent into this world, not to clamor for happiness, but to do our part in a life-work. What matter is it whether I am happy or not, if I do my part? I know all the risks and all the dangers that come from being identified heart and soul with the life of another as I am with yours. I know the risks, and am ready to face them. I am ready to live for you and die for you, and count it all joy to the last.

I was much touched by what you said of those who have died defeated yet fighting. Yes, it is my belief that many a poor soul who has again and again failed in the conflict has yet put forth more effort, practices more self-denial, than hundreds of average Christians; and He who knows what the trial is will judge them tenderly, that is to say, justly.

But for you there must be a future even in this life. I am assured of it, and you must believe it; you must believe with my faith, and hope in my hope. Come what will, I am heart and soul and forever yours,

CAROLINE.

(To be continued.)

QUEBEC.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

IN Jean Ingelow's "Mopsa," Jack, the hero of the tale, gets upon the back of a stork, which carries him backward in time. Driving among the ancient Quebec houses through the tortuous little streets, up the steep hills of a city that is more than half a fortress, through gates and round city walls, we could not help feeling that some magic stork had borne us backward into the seventeenth century. Here is a lofty and all but impregnable citadel frowning on the St. Lawrence below, with which it is connected by a mysterious subterranean passage, which visitors are not allowed to see. Here are martello towers and in them also we hear of underground pathways. The architecture is thick and solid, and steep-roofed, and dormer-windowed, and utterly antique. The streets are ingeniously irregular, making with each other all the angles known to geometry, and forming blocks of such fantastic shape that the imagination is bewildered by them. You are always losing your cardinal points in being whirled about in calaches, or carriages of the country, and you are ever coming back upon some familiar object in a way that makes it seem to be a new one. I have a confused notion that the brave General Montgomery was laid out in thirteen distinct little tumble-down houses with dormer windows, and that there is a beer and candy shop in each, and that Montcalm had his headquarters scattered miscellaneously everywhere inside the walls.

In this ancient city you bump your head against history at every turn. It is always Montcalm's headquarters, or Wolfe's headquarters, or Bigot's palace, or some Governor-General's palace, or the Intendant's kitchen-garden, or a battle-field, or the house in which General or Colonel or Governor Somebody was laid out. Poor indeed is the house that never was anybody's headquarters and that never even had a great man laid out in it.

I confess I do not like the quaint old city chiefly on account of these historic localities. They give the place an excellent atmosphere, but the chief attraction is the essential antiqueness of life. Here nobody hurries. Even the hackmen are not very clamorous. I bought a French paper, which had among its news a remarkable story of the miraculous healing, at the Church of St. Anne, of a little girl who was covered with sores. Just alongside they were printing as a serial "Dr. Ox," and I wondered what would happen to our old Quebec if an experimental Dr. Ox were to set free here some oxygen and quicken there some pulses that still keep time to the slow church music of the Middle Ages. Calaches, with two wheels and heavy shafts, and with a driver's seat on the dashboard, are still the prevailing carriage. The family vehicles of the *habitans* are indescribable carts. The very language of the people, both French and English, is antique, and to a modern has an etymological flavor. I was told that to get a certain article I must go to "the suburbs." This seemed a curious and distributive direction, and I could not think that suburban stores had better assortments than those in the city until I found that the "suburbs" were the portions of the city outside the ancient walls. Once when I asked the name of a street I was told that it was "St. John's without." I have heard that Prof. Lowell sent a gifted nephew of his to Lower Canada to fish in vacation time, but the boy must have had his uncle's tastes, for on his return he said: "Uncle James, I had a splendid time! There isn't a word up there later than Voltaire."

Even the most modern houses ape the old ones. The bell-pulls or bell-knobs are not knobs and cannot be pulled, but are things to be twisted with the thumb. Out-of-the-way streets are often floored with plank stretched lengthwise. French is still the dominant speech, and Roman Catholicism, with its devout pomps and complex superstitions, has a hold upon these people inexplicable to an American.

We went to the cathedral to attend an afternoon service, and we saw the pictures, including a "Crucifixion," by Van Dyck, which is terribly realistic—the very thickening of the chilling blood that flows from the wounds is apparent and, shall I not say, horrible.

We saw ladies of evident culture and social rank kneeling abjectly upon the bare oaken floor of the broad aisles, repeating devout prayers before the pictures. In the little chapel of St. Anne, at the side, were votive offerings of many kinds upon the altar; among others, red glass tumblers with floating tapers burning within them. On the other side, at the chapel of St. Joseph, I read a handbill in French announcing that forty days' indulgence would be granted for every *Pater-noster*, etc., offered at this chapel for the mercy of God in the deliverance of the Church from her present distresses. I believe there was a similar advertisement at the other chapel; and there were women kneeling devoutly at the chancel-rail, earning an indulgence from God by beseeching a saint to persuade God not to neglect his own Church. There was much that was impressive in the afternoon service, particularly the music, and the devoutness of many was even pathetic.

The sexton seemed to make quite a trade out of showing the ornaments of the church. It is announced on the list of pictures that visitors may see these things, and for a fee the sexton exhibited them to us, descanting upon each article in a torrent of Canadian French, and producing his curiosities dexterously, in such an order as to make the most stunning impression. The magnificent vestments of gold brocade excited the admiration of the ladies of our party; but when he brought out the bishop's robe of this set, adjectives were of no use. There are wreaths of flowers, wrought in silver bullion on gold ground, upon the back, and each flower in those wreaths is set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies of large size. There is an old set of vestments presented by Louis XIV. when Quebec, on the one hand, and New Orleans, on the other, were thought to be the two corner-stones of a new and more magnificent France. Then there are black velvet robes, richly embroidered and fringed with silver bullion. These are for the funerals of priests; and then a set of most magnificent crimson velvet robes, wrought with gold.

In passing through the gallery behind the altar we saw a young priest, of refined countenance, talking with a woman, by a pleasant window that overlooked the sunny garden of the curé. We fancied them brother and sister. In the upper room over the transept, where we saw the black and scarlet robes, a

woman sat in a chair, with open book, peering down through a latticed window toward the altar. She was the solitary occupant, and our entrance seemed to disturb her devotions, and she left soon after we came. Was she some penitent in this lonely loft?

In the chapel of St. Joseph, near the door of the cathedral, there was a wax image of Christ lying in the tomb. In the seminary chapel, which is a building apart from the cathedral, we saw, the next day, many pictures of eminent merit by Philip Champagne and other old French painters; and here are gilt shrines, the one containing—as a note at the bottom of the list of pictures informs us—the relics of St. Clement, the other those of St. Modestus. These relics are nothing else than the bones of the saints, in gilt cases with glass in front. It seemed to us that the saints in question had rather small skulls; but our eyes were irreverent and unbelieving, and the smallness may have been the effect of distance.

Most of the tourists who go to Quebec do not seem so much interested in Wolfe and Montcalm, in Bigot or Montgomery, as in that delightful, quiet little story of Mr. Howells', called "A Chance Acquaintance." The scene of this tale is Quebec and the Saguenay; and nearly every young girl whom we met carried with her the story of Kitty's eventful voyage up the Saguenay and sojourn in the old city. They even visit the boarding-house in which Mr. Howells stayed while here, and in which he laid the scene of part of the story, and the landlady shows them round. Thus do the shadowy creations of the novelist crowd out the stern heroes of history. There is a sort of poetic recompense, therefore, in the recent appointment of that old anti-slavery editor, Mr. W. C. Howells, the father of the editor of the *Atlantic*, to the U. S. Consulship in this city, which the genius of his son had brought into vogue.

It was a beautiful afternoon on which our party, accompanied by Mr. Consul Howells and his family, made the trip to the falls of Montmorency. I am not going to describe scenery. A large stream, falling two hundred and eighty feet in one unbroken descent, produces a sense of majesty that cannot be reproduced in the mind of the reader. But if you ever go, do not fail to see that portion of the stream, half a mile or more away, known to the guide-books and drivers as the "Natural Steps." The name led us to expect to see only a curiosity. Imagine our surprise at finding a gorge of great sublimity—not second, perhaps, to the falls of Montmorency themselves. I hope the name will be changed. It should be the Upper Falls of Montmorency; for the water rushes thunderously down through one of the finest gorges I have ever seen.

It is a beautiful road from Quebec to the falls, and the curious Canadian houses which stand in a long village turn the cold shoulder of their gables to the prevailing winter winds regardless of the direction of the road. Little children ran after us offering us bouquets of old-fashioned garden flowers. When I demanded the price, they cried, "*Comme vous voudrez, Monsieur*"—whatever you please. I held up a penny experimentally, and one of them accepted it eagerly. The rest pressed theirs upon me, and I bought bouquets of pinks and "old man" til all my pennies were gone.

I wish I could praise the hotels. I suppose the Albion is good enough, what there is of it, and there is enough of the St. Louis, such as it is.

IN THE WOODS.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

August, 1874.

IT is now two weeks and more since we (campers) have seen a newspaper. In this school district of possibly thirteen families repose of spirit and tranquility of mind possess the people, because free from the irritation of world-wide gossip. Like our skillet of camp coffee that suddenly quits boiling when we set it on the cold ground, and becomes marvelously still and clear, so our minds quiet down now that we are set off and aside from the social fires of politics, controversy, incident and gossip which daily newspapers keep a burning in every house. It may be fairly doubted that men can come by depth and fixedness of faith and character, who live, like the myriad sunfish in this lake, near the surface, in the light, zig-zag-ing incessantly after motes. The trout lie deeper, see fewer things, and see for certain.

——A very slender camp outfit brings us suddenly to a manner of life singularly laborious and instructive. The days are too short for our work. We must have two pounds of trout a day, or go short of meat. So one plays the striding hunter or the fisher, while the other acts the squaw in camp. This division of labor is natural, and goes far to explain what we are apt to condemn as the lordly laziness of the Indian, heaping labor upon his women. He who provisions a camp by fishing and hunting generates and liberates as much force as she does who plants and hoes corn, dresses and cooks game, cures skins and sews them. And on the march, amid hostile tribes and fierce animals, he who acts the "brave" to defend the whole must be alert, and travel light. On the whole, I do not see that the enslaved squaws should be much pitied. In lifting the load of life and labor she takes hold of what she can do best, and he of what he can do best. She is not an illustration of the "subject sex;" but rather of a natural and harmonious co-operation in the woods, all parties doing what they can do best. I am proud to own that, for the most part, I do squaw work,—keep the dishes clean, "red up" our wigwam, tend fire, dry clothes, cook and "make home attractive." And when my "brave" comes in from his tramp, with full basket and a smile for me, peace, beauty and contentment lodge with us. Let every one do what he can do best, and let us all quit "*scrouging*"—is a short solution of the social problem.

——We have brought little into the woods, and are here for no long stay. My respect for the savages has increased hourly, perceiving how ingeniously, and even elegantly, they solve the problems of comfort, as compared with our very best performances. We bring with us canvas and water-proof roofing; they find it or make it in the woods from bark and skins. We come all clothed; they must win clothes by stripping animals. We bring pork, meal, hard-bread, salt, and even butter, and depend upon our rod and gun for meat only; they bring nothing, and make everything. We fall back on a farmer and a store not ten miles off; they fall back on the wilderness, the ponds and the soil. If one believes in "the survival of the fittest" surely the savage proves himself the fit one. How many things he can do! and how deftly! How quick of eye, how sure of foot, how wise in venatry and woodcraft, how successful with his bone fish-hook; how neat and even graceful in his architecture, and canoe shaping; how enduring and viable! Which is the man, he who has resources and rejoicing in himself alone like an Indian, or he who can do one thing well, and but one thing—as tailoring, or bookkeeping or preaching? The woods make a city's man very humble in two weeks, but the Indian looms up large before our babyish eyes.

——As I write, two of our party (increased since I began to write)—a man and his wife—have paddled out on our little lake, which at this hour—sunset—is no longer water, but a duplication of sky and glorified mountain. Nature lavishes beauty on these nameless little mountain ponds as prodigally as upon the famous lakes which tourists cross the seas to visit. We are high up above sea level. Hardy birches and beeches, with running roots three or four rods long, cling to the outcropping stones, and make tall slender growth through the year that frosts them in every month. I trace their stems in the lake, and could draw the mountain as accurately from its reflection as from direct vision. From the boat in the lake's center, three hundred yards off, I hear the very words of conversation between the two who suppose themselves alone, and every dip of the paddle, and even the drip of the drops that fall back. Sitting in that boat, a speaker would be easily heard by ten thousand people on this mountain. Did Jesus push out on his little sea and speak from his boat because he could be thus clearly seen and easily heard by the throng?

——Our nearest farm is more than three miles off. A path, a "blazed" path, guides us through the woods back and forth. Fallen trees, huge mossy stones on edge, boggy spring holes and bold ledges of rock, are avoided by the endless windings of this track. At first one is inclined to attempt short cuts. But an experiment or two satisfies the adventurer that he is nearest home who goes the longest way round. With torn boots and panting for breath, he is glad to get back into the path which some hunter's instinct marked out years and years ago. There is a reason for every crook. Very slowly, if ever, will come the requisite labor that will cast up an highway for swift and smooth transit.

The meanderings of human thought, as shown by the conclusions of master minds and explorers, are not unlike our path through the woods. There is not a myth, not a poetic fancy, nor a theological crotchet which we incline to reject but has or had reason underlying its quaint and crooked absurdity. Strike out as an original thinker, and the adventurer will learn before the generation passes that his rejected "blazes" which men have been following are guides and marks of progress. Not suddenly do crooked paths and old philosophies submit to be straightened.

——Do wild birds and beasts know when Sunday comes? In thickly peopled regions it is easily conceivable that hawks, crows, and woodchucks should come to know the day of bells as the day of safety. There are no men in the meadow; the horses stroll the hillside; the noise of the axe and the voice of the ox-driver are not heard. These shy and vigilant vermin that frequent old farms, no doubt know Sunday. I have verified it so often that I've not a shadow of doubt left.

But here in the woods where there are but four of us, our virtue is tried by bold and innocent parades and promenades of bird and beast and fish that are sure to take place on Sunday. Like the Maccabees, we do not go out of camp on the rest day. The fish-lines and the rifle are unused. A magnificent great fox came one Sunday and patrolled the south-east margin of our lake the whole length. Our only gray squirrels reported on another Sunday. The trout jump at everything and at nothing on Sunday. Crows are neighborly and owls roost easily within rifle shot. I remember, too, that years ago, in Illinois, geese and cranes became neighborly on Sunday, as at no other time. And finally, I believe that all hunters count Sunday the best day for their craft, originating the saying, "The better the day the better the deed." I own myself sceptical, but facts push me hard. I may yet be driven to own that wild beasts remember the Sabbath day.

——Four weeks in the woods. Never mind where. Trout, and what is more, appetite every day, and sleep every night, with moon and stars at their best; weather most lady-like, weeping rarely and for good purpose. To combine city and country, farm and forest is the desideratum. They'll do it in heaven—by the river and under the trees, yet not far from the Temple.

A NATIONAL INVESTMENT IN DANGER.

CONSIDERING that the investment here referred to is that of money used in Mission work in Turkey, some may, perhaps, take exception to the use of the word "national" in such connection. But the American people, if not the American nation, have made the investment. From churches of different denominations in every state in the Union, acting through different societies, thousands of dollars are annually devoted to missionary work in Roumelia, Asia Minor, Armenia, Syria, and Egypt. And this has been continued with one consent for so long a time that the work has assumed proportions which justify any onlooker in considering it a *national* enterprise. I suppose there are, in these various parts of the Turkish empire, 10,000 pupils in schools established by Americans, and now sustained, in some part at least, by American money. There are hundreds of buildings purchased by the agents of the American churches for the purposes of their work, and there is a book trade established by American capital, which drives, to their full capacity, printing presses in more than one Turkish city, and which ventures its wares in the utmost parts of the empire.

Now the people who furnish this money do not expend it as an amusement. It is not to gratify mere passing whims that hundreds of American men and women are sent to Turkey and supported there while buying all this real estate, establishing all these schools, and writing all these books. There certainly is, in the minds of the investors, an expectation of a future to the investment. Of course there are some whose money goes to missions in Turkey simply because of the momentary satisfaction tasted as it fell upon the plate, which attaches to any well-bred observance of the usages of society. But, as a general thing, the money comes from those whose prayers go with it, who expect a return, a result of the expenditure. They expect that it will yield thirty, sixty, an hundredfold in souls awakened and dark lives made bright. And such investors, those to whom the schools and chapels and book-shops are, as it were, the children of their prayers, are here called upon to face the fact that their investment is in danger, as may be seen by a look at the situation in Turkey to-day.

In the treaty of Paris of 1856, the results of the Crimean war were summed up. The bearing of the Turkish government toward its Christian subjects had always been a constant excuse for the interference of foreign powers between the Sultan and his people. It had, in fact, been an excuse for the war. The Sultan, however, shortly before the treaty, declared all his subjects to be equal before the law. Christians in Turkey were then in a condition similar to that of free negroes in the South 20 years ago. Any Mahometan could beat, rob or murder them unquestioned. But the Sultan's proclamation effected for them about what Sumner's Civil Rights Bill aimed at for the negroes of to-day. No man was to be called a dog, or treated as one, on account of his religion. Every man, even though he was a Christian, was to have the rights of a man among men. In fact perfect liberty of conscience was proclaimed in the Turkish Empire. This was a great step. It placed Turkey, so far as liberty of religious life was concerned, far in advance of the European governments of the time, and fully justified the assistance rendered Turkey in the war by England and France. It was intended to show that Turkey was prepared to accept the highest European civilization, and it was received as evidence of this intention. The necessity of intervention for the protection of Christians suffering religious persecution in Turkey being thus done away, the powers of Europe guaranteed absolute non-interference on their own part between the sultan and his subjects. And from that day Turkey has been treated with as a civilized power amenable to reason instead of being dealt with as of old—as a barbarous power capable only of understanding force as an argument.

Of course after such a guarantee of religious liberty there could be no hesitation about making large preparations for missionary work in Turkey. The government not only promised to permit freedom of conscience, its officers also expressed with effusion their desire to see education advanced among its people, and made no objection to the printing of good books for sale in all parts of the land; while under "the capitulations" Americans could demand protection for this lawful business as carried on by them. Investment in Turkey seemed safe enough, protected and even encouraged by the government. Why, the Turks have for ten years remitted all customs duties on anything imported by an American missionary for private use—and this simply because he is a missionary! It has also encouraged schools by exempting from duty everything imported for the schools of Americans.

But of late, under the influence of that "Mahometan revival" of which we have heard so much, the fact is revealed that the Turk so suddenly civilized in 1856 was not very, radically civilized. Strip off his

broadcloth coat and you find him the same licentious, cruel old Turk still, with nothing superadded to the accomplishments of his ancient nomadic life save a smattering of bad French in which to express to you his "distinguished consideration." The long aping of cizilization has become wearisome to him, and in reaction he joins hands with his fellows in the attempt to deprive Christians of the benefits of treaties or concessions made by dead Sultans. All things are fair in dealing with "giaours," and the highest in the land secretly use bad faith towards them continually. If accidentally detected, they feel no shame; but like the Provincial governor who found an investigation approaching too near for comfort, they pass around the word, "we must all back out of this as soon as possible, and may God have mercy on the hindmost." Of course that wretched hindmost man will be the only one proven guilty. All propositions for reform and improvement are met, as the Levant *Herald* well says, "at the point of the bayonet." The old exclusiveness is becoming manifest again. Christians have been largely driven from employment under government, and any one who chooses to translate the abuse heaped upon him by chance passers in the street, may see for himself the spirit of the Mahometan revival.

Moreover, this government of Turkey, which obtained the endorsement of all Europe in 1856, upon the strength of its proclamation of absolute religious liberty, has lately so far forgotten itself as to arrest men for belief in Christ, and has subjected them to imprisonment, corporeal punishment, banishment, and threats of death. According to a letter in the Levant *Herald*, lately published, in one district in Asia Minor "many" Christians have become Mahometans in the last two years, in order to escape oppression. Again, this Turkish government after such invitations to educators from abroad, and such encouragements to their schools as have been mentioned, now undertakes to deny the right of Americans to exercise the profession of teacher at all. And even where money has been invested in land for schools they attempt to prevent the realization of any return from it, by arbitrary prohibition of building thereon, as at Robert College and the Marash Theological Seminary. And further yet, still under the influence of this "Mahometan revival" of bad faith towards Christians, the government announces coolly its intention to prohibit the sale of Bibles and other Turkish books, ignoring entirely the fact that the money invested in translating and printing was so expended only after express authorization to manufacture and sell the books named. This last order has not yet formally issued, but orders have been issued to the police to seize all such books offered for sale by natives of the country, and several hundred volumes, the property of Americans, have been so seized, and are not recoverable by their owners under any representations made.

Looking coolly at these facts from the purely worldly point of view, we see that money investments in missionary work in Turkey are in danger, nay, have been already attacked. And the remedy? Primarily, of course, the prayers which go with the money must be increased, but we have also an injunction to watchfulness which implies an accompaniment of ordinary precautionary measures. There is much true Christianity in the maxim, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Any purely secular enterprise of American investors in Turkey, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars in real estate and manufactured goods, would make itself speedily heard in Congress and in the State Department, if jeopardized by a breaking of faith on the part of the Turkish government. The Turkish government has hitherto been treated with upon the basis of civilization introduced in 1856. Let the United States government be informed that the departure of the Sultan from this basis places in imminent danger the great money investments of the Bible Society, and the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Missionary Societies. If our government does not understand this, and does not act vigorously in demanding instant surrender of property seized, and absolute good faith in the future, these societies may ere long, so far as human eye can see, find their whole investment swept away.

ENGLISH TRADITION AND THE ENGLISH FUTURE.

THE admiration of the novelists of thirty years ago for the British upper class was a symptom of the admiration by the English of that period of everything pertaining to themselves. Each Englishman felt (read, for instance, Ford's *Handbook of Spain*) as if he himself had discovered gravitation, written Childe Harold, conquered Waterloo and Trafalgar, and perished upon the Plains of Abraham. The aristocracy was at the top of British society, and of course great. So that it is difficult in reading the chronicles of the manners of that day to distinguish between what is laudation of a class and what is laudation of the Empire and the period. The novelists can find no words in which to insinuate the immense *immaturity* of anybody who would withhold his applause. Zoroaster and Confucius would smile with wise tolerance upon the cynic and the radical, and would cheerfully assist society by showing themselves at the assemblies. Zanoni, with the personal acquaintance of every interesting individual of the race from Adam down, Bulwer would have thought nothing of until he had entered him at the clubs, introduced him to the party chiefs, and given him enough of the current coin of the realm to astonish the lackeys. That writer describes with excess of definition the Parliamentary leaders. It is necessary that we should be able to recognize to a shade these prime figures in the most important arena of the world. We are not permitted to forget the majesty of these persons even when they are satirized. Readers of *The Coxtons* will remember a letter on colonization, from the statesman Trevanion to the young Pisistratus. It runs: "Dear Pisistratus: W— is up; we are in for it for two mortal hours." This letter is dated from the House of Commons, and the Library of the House of Commons! Yet notice the very light way in which the letter leads off. "W— is up," said in three words, and such short and indifferent ones, too. How fascinating is the disrespectful allusion in the next clause. "We are in for it for two mortal hours." W— is tiresome, no doubt, but can you help admiring the point of view of that man who can make sport of him? The reader must remember the impression made upon him in youth by a description of that most important event, a change of government. There is a most impressive one in Mr. Disraeli's *Coningsby*. At three o'clock in the morning, while the boys in the waiting room of a club in Pall Mall are asleep, a gentleman, (I forget his name, but we will call him Mr. Gervase Hastyngs) rushes in breathless and announces that Lord Derby has been to see the Queen, and that Peel has just been sent for to form a government. How striking is the contrast between the commonplace accidents of the scene and the tremendous importance of the moment. One would expect a portent in the sky to announce such an event. There is a new government, and it is only the breathless Gervase Hastyngs and the hall boy in buttons who have heard of it. Ah, sleepy Islington, drowsy Clerkenwell, you honest tradesfolk soundly snoring in Clapham, Fulham, Brixton, Hampstead and Highbury, little you know what goes on among your betters at three o'clock in the morning.

But very little of this arrogance of victory and supremacy remains in England. The tone at present is rather one of diffidence and discontent. There are those who profess to believe that England has lost her ancient courage, and her warlike spirit. Now, a nation which has the virtues and the advantages of peace cannot expect to have also the virtues of war, except in a dormant and potential way. To hear the talk of some persons you would think that war is the state of society for which peace is the preparation, instead of peace being the state of society for which war is the preparation. Courage is a means and not an end, and it is shown in fighting for the things we want. Englishmen of the present time are not willing to make war for what they do not very much desire. But ought they not to wish to keep their country in its position at the head of the world, which it held fifty years ago? Any such obstinate determination would surely show a great lack of political intelligence. The times change and we change. The new condition of the Empires of Russia and Germany and the silent influence exerted by this country have altered the face of the world. England does not greatly desire to hold her old place, because she feels that she cannot hold it, and it is only lunatics who refuse to cut their coat according to their cloth. But as to the charge of a want of patriotic feeling and the spirit which takes men well into battle, there can be no truth in it, as any man among the millions who heard the fife and drum play before Sir Garnet Wolseley's returning legions could have known from the beating of his own heart. The tumult of the crowd and the sight of the pathetic ranks of real warriors reveals in the breast of the plainest citizen possibilities of which at average moments he does not dream.

The English now propose to lead the world in a new way. When we go to heaven, we are told, we shall not have fine wines and costly apparel, but we shall not miss them because we shall have ceased to cherish these carnal desires. The English think, at least that portion of them which Mr. Gladstone represents, that while it is true that they are not hereafter to lead the world after their old fashion, yet that fact should not make them unhappy, for in the new order of things the nations will set little store by mere physical victory. The first duties of a state will be the education of its citizens, and the advancement of mankind. The greatest state shall lead the world, not in selfishness, but in unselfishness. That state shall be greatest which is supreme in ideas and in the useful arts. Of course, there can be no disputing the truth of this principle. If the English have a more highly educated population than we, purer domestic life, a more dignified press, a more honorable administration of government and of justice, they are better than we, though we crowd the continent with our money-getting millions. Gladstone's view is, undoubtedly, the highest, and, undoubtedly, the best, provided always that the state is strong enough to pursue its high purposes in security.

But it seems to me not so improbable that the dream of the English Liberals may have an easy realization. I know that an American editor in his third or fourth letter home is not unlikely to say something of the palpable decadence of the English power. The observation is often made regretfully, as if the discovery caused him a pang. It is not difficult to understand the state of mind in which these regretful paragraphs are written. His landlady is the only person in the great wilderness who knows him. Nobody marks him. Not a soul in the restaurant or the omnibus recognizes him. The main street of the city in which his own paper—the *Chronicle and Evening Advertiser*—is published has no place in the imaginations of the people he meets. He is naturally interested in the points of difference between the newspapers there and at home. But there is in the broad, decorous columns of the *Times*, as they lie open before him in the coffee-room of his inn, an obvious and depressing ignorance of the *Chronicle and Evening Advertiser*. He believes in his heart that the managers of the *Times* never heard of his paper. If the editor of the *Chronicle and Evening Advertiser* is at all a splenetic person, he will shortly have occasion, with mournful impartiality, to suggest the "political decline," the "germ of social disorder," etc., etc,

As for the "germ of social disorder," if the labor question is to be the end of English society, it will be likely to be the end of us also. I am not sure that there is to be a "political decadence." I think that England will find physical security while pursuing the course which her Liberal statesmen have marked out for her in the moral support of the English race the world over. The idea of race is good only up to a certain point. Because a certain number of people in many parts of the earth speak the same tongue (some of them very detestably), it would be very unreasonable that they should join hands against everybody whose patois is different. But so long as England conducts herself with reason, and with that obvious ambition to act justly which now marks her, she will be sure of the sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon race. She will not need support, moral or physical, if she withdraws within herself and limits her purposes by the "streak of silver sea" which separates her from her enemies. But should she feel it her duty to continue her beneficent endeavors for the civilization of her remote dependencies, she will find that the Pan-Anglican sentiment may do her good service. The silent feeling of the race, even if understood to be but tepidly friendly, will go far to preserve her from extremities. England will be strong in proportion as she has the moral support of the race. As I suppose it to be a mere matter of arithmetic that for the next few hundred years this country will contain the physical mass of the race, I may go further and say that England will be strong in proportion as she has the moral support of this country. Secure in that support, there is no reason why, with her universities and her highly educated upper class, she should not continue to teach and lead us as she certainly does teach us and lead us at present in almost all the departments of thought and civilization. Why should not London be the capital of the race?

In such a state of things the diminutive size of England will be a part of her good fortune. Gold is precious because there is so little of it. When the world is full of people who look back to her as the home of their tradition, she will be happy in that her soil will not be capable of dilution. There are leagues upon leagues in America and Australia, but it may be said with pride and affection that there are only a few meadows and a stream or two in England. I suggest this point for the consideration of any American who is to speak at a London public dinner. Let the orator assure his hearers that the race in India, in Africa, in Australia, in America — wherever the Anglo-Saxon pursues his heaven-given prerogative to subdue nature and society—will constitute a mighty moral empire, of which this little island will be the sacred and inviolable home, and he will be certain to sit down amid applause.

SUCCESS AND ITS PRICE.

By Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling.

HUNDREDS of young men to-day are making the same mistake at the commencement of their career that Joseph made at the commencement of his, four thousand years ago. In dreaming of the future, they see the elevation to which they hope to rise, but they see not the disciplinary experience which must precede it.

Joseph dreamed a dream, and "his sheaf arose and stood upright, while other sheaves bowed down before it." And again he dreamed a dream: "The sun and the moon and the stars made obeisance unto him." But that was all. In his vision he saw no weary days of slavery and of toil. He saw no house of Potiphar. He dreamed of a throne, but he dreamed not that the path to that throne *must lie through a prison*.

Think you, reader, that humanity has changed in all these years? Our world is full of these same Josephs. Oh, those dreams! We would not dispel them if we could. Those air-castles! We would not sweep them down. Those who chide men for building them know not what they do.

Those were happy hours, which will never come again, when, sitting at our study window, in our college days, we looked out over the hills, gradually fading in the twilight, and thought of the great throbbing world beyond, and wondered what that great world might hold in store for us. And often when the last red pencilings across the sky have faded, and we have awakened from our revery to find ourselves alone in the darkness, with no sound save the chirping of the crickets beneath the window, there have come the swellings of nobler impulses and more holy emotions. Dream on, then, dream on; only with the

dreaming we would inspire a noble purpose to make those visions *real*.

Let the young men of our country look if they will with raptured eye upon the delectable mountains, crowned with glory, and lying yonder in the future. We only ask that they forget not the valley of humiliation which lies between.

Think, Joseph, of thy throne, but forget not the prison which leads to it.

Thou mayest, indeed, some day see the sun and the stars bow down to thee, but only after thou hast *earned* thy position by thy struggles and thy toils. Men speak of *genius*, and they mean by that an undefined something within a man which will sweep him on toward greatness while he slumbers upon a bed of roses. There is no genius which does not include the *genius of energy*. No good fortune, no advantageous circumstances, no brilliant talents, will make a man a *man* without discipline and hard work. As Alexander the Great found there was "no royal road to learning," so shall he find who seeks to excel, either as orator, or writer, or scholar, or merchant, that there is no royal road to success. Dream only of the crowning pinnacle, and it shall appear only in thy dreams. Attend to-day to the monument's *foundation;* the pinnacle itself may appear to-morrow.

THE LAST WISH OF A SLAVE.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

UNCLE BILLY was always a character in the family. How well I remember his short, active figure, and the mingled affection and awe with which we children regarded him. He was given to my mother when she was married, and drove the carriage in which the bridal party performed the five days' journey which the hundred miles' ride over the muddy roads of the time required. What wonderful changes have come since that day. The children of that fair bride rush over the road with the iron horse, while the descendants of that humble, faithful slave are freemen and citizens. What is in store for the next generation? Perhaps they shall govern the currents of the air and ride upon the wings of the wind? Perhaps the African of that day, forgetting that his race has been enslaved, shall carry republican principles to his native land and behold her rise to a place of power among the nations!

Coming from "Ole Virginny," as Uncle Billy always proudly stated, he and the rest of my mother's servants looked down upon the inhabitants of their new home in Western Virginia, because, I suppose, there were but few slaves in that part of the country, and though the place was a thriving village in the midst of a fertile valley, perhaps the air of prodigal hospitality and lavish expense to which they had been accustomed was lacking in their new surroundings.

Like all negroes, Uncle Billy despised what they termed "poor white trash," namely, such persons as were unable to own or hire servants and were forced to work with their hands. In my childhood we lived in a brick house on the banks of a little stream, which flowed in and through the streets of the town. Just behind our house the banks were very steep, and a bridge spanned the brook some twenty feet above the channel. One of the earliest and best remembered scenes in my life was of a crowd of people on the bridge, where Uncle Billy had gotten into a fierce quarrel with a white mechanic who lived near us. Just as my father was summoned to the spot by the cries of the other servants, the white man swore he would "beat that nigger for his impudence," and Uncle Billy threw himself like a tiger upon him and instantly sprang with him in his arms over the parapet on the rocks below. A scream rose from every woman present, and every one rushed to the brink of the stream, fearing that one or both of the combatants had been killed; but both had escaped unhurt, and, like the man and the bear in the old story, each seemed content with his efforts and went slowly moving off in opposite directions. A loud murmur arose in the crowd to "hang the nigger," and my father, who secretly admired Uncle Billy's pluck, hastily improvised a message to the farm, and sternly bidding him mount his riding horse, which stood at the door, sent him out of the town and managed to dispense with his services until the affair had blown over.

Combining the various duties of wood-cutter, gardener and carriage-driver, Uncle Billy was withal a famous cook, though he disliked very much to exercise that talent, and his natural testiness always increased to positive ill-humor when the sickness of the cook, or any unusual occasion, required his services in that department, and my mother often said laughingly that she did not know whether to be glad or sorry when she sat down to one of Uncle Billy's finely prepared dinners, as the present enjoyment was spoiled by his prospective grumbling for many days after. I well remember the wrath upon his countenance when the unexpected arrival of some friends and the illness of the cook's infant called Uncle Billy's services into requisition, and I was dispatched to the wood-pile to deliver my mother's orders for dinner, which I fancy she did not care to give herself; and I can distinctly recall the indignant manner in which the old man shook his head, as he laid aside his axe and prepared to go to the barn for fowls. Nothing more was heard from the kitchen, until a most savory and comfortable meal was placed upon the table, and I noticed the smile with which my mother received the numerous compliments of her friends, as they discussed the dainty viands spread so lavishly before them, and congratulated their hostess on having such a cook. But late that night we were all surprised by Uncle Billy's appearing, with an unusually gentle and submissive air, at the nursery door, and my mother, who was deeply attached to the old man, hastily bade him come in and tell his troubles. "I didn't think I'd say nothing 'bout it," said Uncle Billy in his sturdy tones, "but 'pears like I is 'bleeged to. You see, Mistus, I was mad when I went to de barn for dem chickens, and de fust thing I done was to clap the big door to on my hand an' cut de eend of my little finger clean off. I was so mad 'bout gittin' dinner I jest picked it up and put it in my pocket, and did not say nothin'; but when I done clean up de kitchen I stuck de eend on and tied it with a rag, but it do hurt dreffal bad." Uncle Billy narrowly escaped lockjaw, and my mother nursed him faithfully through the long and weary illness that followed. Those bygone years seem like a dream now, and Uncle Billy in the blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, which he always wore when driving the carriage, or on Sundays, is always one of the prominent figures in the scenes which memory brings before me, and over which a cloud of darkness seemed to fall like a pall when the hour came in which our young mother, the central figure of all pictures of pleasure to us, was borne away to her long home, in the prime of youth and womanhood. Uncle Billy, who was separated from all his early friends and his own people, loved her as his own child, and seemed to pine away after she was gone. He seemed to have lost all his spirit, and the other servants, whom he had always kept in awe of him, began to whisper to us and to each other that the old man "was not long for this world."

The winter he died was a gloomy one to us all; the shadow of the great sorrow that had befallen us hung over the house, and it was like opening a fresh wound when we were summoned to the death-bed of the old and faithful servant, who was so soon called to follow his loved mistress to the spirit-land. The whole family had collected around the old man, and his eyes wandered from the dusky faces of his fellow-servants and rested lovingly on the children who had grown up around his knees, and seemed dearer than all of earth to him. He was far from the scenes of his youth—none of his kindred or friends were near—and he turned piteously to my father, who stood beside him: "What is it, Billy?" said my father. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes, master," said the old man feebly. "I is got one wish, and it 'pears like I can't die till my heart is at rest 'bout dat." "What is it?" said papa tenderly. "You know there is nothing that I would not do for you." "Master," said the dying man, rousing himself and fixing his gaze firmly on my father's face, "I wants to be free! I have been a slave all my life, and now I want to die free!" My father looked much hurt. "Why, Billy," he said, "have you been ill-treated; have I ever been harsh; has any one been unkind to you?" "No, dear master, no," said the old man with faltering tones. "I loves you; you is been de kindest master in de world; an' I loved my blessed mistress, what's gone to glory; an' I loves ebry one of dese chillun—I ain't got nothin' else to love—but I is been wantin' to be free all my life, and now I can do no more work, an' your poor ole nigger is enterin' on eternity, and ain't no use to nobody. Please, master, set me free!" My father hastily ordered writing materials to be brought—for he saw that life was fast ebbing—and, making out the necessary papers as quickly as he could, handed them to Uncle Billy, who pressed them to his lips and his heart, then fixing his eyes with a loving confident gaze on my father's face, said: "Read it, master." My father read the paper aloud, and handed it back. No sound was heard in the room but the labored breathing of the old man. "Thank you, master," he said at last, gasping out the words—"thank you, master." A few more deep-drawn sighs, a few last struggles, and the paper fluttered no longer on his breast. The last wish was fulfilled—the slave was free.

FROM GERMANY.

BISMARCK AND THE EMPEROR; WAR FEVER; PRUSSIAN PRIDE.

BY A BERLINER-RESIDENT.

BERLIN, *Aug.* 15.

ON the eve of Bismarck's departure from Kissingen a fellow, who had been seen hovering about his house in a suspicious manner, was arrested, and, being armed with a dagger, he was at once magnified into a conspirator. Just before the arrival of the Emperor in Berlin, a fellow was arrested for openly boasting in a beer saloon that he was one of a company of ten who were sworn to kill his majesty on the first opportunity. This sort of thing is contagious and epidemic. One such attempt begets another, and just now there is something in the very atmosphere that sets weak and fanatical brains on fire with the notion of championship for the Church, of martyrdom in her service, or at the least of notoriety in attempting the lives of her enemies. Of course it is not fair to hold the Ultramontane party or the Catholic hierarchy responsible for these attempts at murder, nor to imagine an organized conspiracy behind the individual actors. But when the Pope denounces the Emperor and Bismarck as plotting the destruction of the Church, when the clergy represent themselves as martyrs for a principle, when to resist the ecclesiastical laws is held up as an act of obedience to God, there is a measure of responsibility attaching to the Roman hierarchy for the criminal attempts of their weak and ignorant subordinates. One is reminded of the threat of the Pope's legate, Cardinal Pandulph, to King John, as rendered by Shakespeare.

> "Then, by the lawful power that I have,
> Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;
> And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
> From his allegiance to an heretic;
> And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
> Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
> That takes away by any secret course
> Thy hateful life."

It is just now the cue of the Ultramontane press to represent the attempt on Bismarck at Kissingen as a purely spectacular affair, pre-arranged for the purpose of bringing the Chancellor again into prominence, at a moment when his popularity was thought to be waning! This ridiculous suggestion was so often repeated in Roman Catholic journals that the police thought it worth while to forbid its reproduction as an act of contempt toward the government—a proceeding almost equally ridiculous. *Germania*, the Ultramontane organ in Berlin, has the impudence to fabricate the story that, on hearing of the attempt, the Emperor said, "There was nothing serious in shooting at one with an old pistol; the affair is magnified by a man who wishes to keep himself continually before the eye of Europe." I confess I thought it a humiliation that the Emperor saw fit to contradict this story as a pure invention of malice. Would anybody believe such transparent lies? Alas! too many. For there is in Prussia a vast constituency of the Roman Catholic Church, so ignorant, so reckless, so credulous, so incompetent, that any lie can be palmed off upon them in the interest of the Papacy, and this is the element of danger with which the government has to deal—or rather, with the unscrupulous leaders who make of such a constituency what they will.

There can be no question, however, that the effect of the attempt at Kissingen has been precisely what the *Germania* says it was designed to be; it has wonderfully revived Bismarck's popularity, and has concentrated upon him not only the talk and thought, but the confidence and affection of the people. His second escape from assassination has created the impression that, like Washington, he holds a charmed life; the attempt has exposed to view the enmity which he has incurred through his devotion to Germany, and has startled the public with the apprehension of dangers that would arise upon his death. He has thus become a sort of ideal martyr. In Bavaria, where his hold upon the masses was slight, his name and life are now identified with the national cause; and in Prussia, so strong is the feeling developed by this attack, that should the Crown Prince become king to-morrow and displace Bismarck, he would need to look to his throne. That assassin's bullet struck the heart of the people and opened a fresh tide of loyal devotion to the statesman who is the impersonation of German unity. With no less tact than truth, Bismarck at once turned the sympathy and concern that the assassin had aroused from himself to the cause which was assailed in his person. Such is the impression of the Kissingen affair that remains with thoughtful and well-informed persons weeks after the occurrence.

More than Louis Napoleon, Bismarck may believe in his lucky star. If he was lucky in escaping the second time with his life, he was lucky also in being shot at; for this revelation of the *animus* of the Ultramontane party has given a pretext for vigorous measures on the side of the government, for breaking up their nests of conspiracy. In my last I alluded to the rapid spread of "Catholic Unions," associations organized upon the platform avowed at Mayence, of protecting the Roman Catholic Church against the power of the Germanic empire. The Kissingen assassin was a member of one of these Unions, and public indignation naturally fastened upon these as a secret conspiracy against the State. Some time before that affair the detective police of Berlin had obtained a list of the members of such Unions in the city, and had gathered evidence that, under the cloak of a religious purpose, they were plotting resistance to the government. Things were ripe for a descent upon the Unions, under the law regulating secret societies, when the whole country was set aflame by the report from Kissingen, and public opinion was prepared to sanction what might else have been thought a harsh interference with the right of assembly.

In the height of these excitements I refrained from writing, lest my reports might be colored by the surrounding atmosphere. But what is here given seems to be the settled tone of affairs; the government is fully awake to the danger of an Ultramontane conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Empire; it is resolved to crush such conspiracy before it shall assume the formidable character of a popular insurrection; and to this decision it has now rallied the support of the press and the people with great unanimity. Whether the measures of repression adopted by the police are just and wise it is not easy for an American to decide. In time of war, of revolution, of public peril, exceptional acts of interference with the freedom of speech and of assembly may be necessary for the general safety, but here the attempt is to anticipate

the danger, and to ward off the revolution by repressing *tendencies* to mischief. The Prussian Government has not yet adopted the English and American doctrine that treason or rebellion can consist only in overt acts. Perhaps if we could have legally arrested the earlier secessionist conspirators, and have punished these in advance, the overt act of rebellion would not have been ventured upon; but, in that case, though we had escaped the war, we should have retained slavery to vex and curse the land. Prussia seeks to prevent a Catholic rebellion by laying a strong hand upon the Ultramontane leaders. But it may yet be necessary that the struggle between the ecclesiastical and civil powers in Europe shall be determined by the issue of arms. Things cannot remain many years in their present posture.

The war-fever seems to be rising again in military circles in Germany. The people, indeed, do not wish for war—though popular sentiment would strongly sustain a second conquest of France, if occasion should be given for this. The government does not appear to be seeking pretexts for war, as it was suspected of doing in '64, '66 and '70; though a war that should in some way rally enthusiasm for the Empire against Ultramontanism might not be unacceptable. The older military heads, the Moltkes and the MacMahons, do not wish another war just now. But among the younger officers one hears continually that the army is on the *qui vive* for war; that all signs indicate an outbreak in some quarter; that the manufacture of new weapons is driven at the utmost speed; and that every soldier expects soon to be ordered to the field. In what quarter war shall arise, or for what cause, seems to be of secondary moment—except that a lieutenant said to me the other day, "I hope we shan't have to go to Russia; such a dismal country, and such poor supplies. 'Tis much nicer fighting in France, *where one gets lots of champagne*"!

RESIGNATION OF HYACINTHE.

By Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

Geneva, *August* 14.

YOU could not have been more surprised at getting the news of Hyacinthe's resignation of his post of curé of Geneva than were his most intimate friends and associates here. On Sunday, the feast of St. Germain, the patron saint of the parish, he preached for an hour and a half the panegyric of the saint—a married bishop of the olden time. On Monday, without taking counsel of flesh and blood, he started to join his family at a little village in the Jura, leaving behind him a brief note addressed to the State Council, in which he tendered his resignation on the ground that he could no longer remain in connection with a church that was "neither liberal in politics nor catholic in religion." His colleagues, from whom I heard the first rumor of this sudden movement, were as if struck by lightning; all who had cherished any hope of good results from these beginnings of Catholic Reform were disheartened and amazed; and there was exultation among the daughters of Philistia in all the streets of Ashkelon.

To this hour I cannot understand nor justify this strange movement. Painful domestic duties have detained me from going, according to his invitation, to see him in his mountain retreat; and until I have fully known from his own lips the reasons on which he has acted, I will not accuse of vacillation or unfaithfulness a man whom I know to be so simply and straightforwardly conscientious, and whose career, as I read it, has been so really consistent. There are those who are ready to connect this resignation with a recent visit of several days made by Father Hyacinthe to the *Grande Chartreuse* monastery, and to hint that he is seeking to renew his old allegiance. One may hear freely quoted against him a certain text concerning those who lay their hand to the plow and look back.

As for me, I find it the ill-considered act of a moment of bodily illness, mental depression, and not unfounded disgust at some of the people with whom he found himself associated, and some of the measures which they concerted but could not carry. The nature of the questions at issue between Hyacinthe and the radical wing of his church reflects great honor upon the great preacher. The first is understood to be whether the unquestioned legal power which the Liberal Catholic Church of Geneva have, to take possession of the splendid new church of Notre Dame, shall be put into exercise; to which Hyacinthe boldly and squarely replies: "No!—doubtless the church is technically ours, and if we choose to insist upon the condition on which the land on which it stands was given by the city—that the church should be the property of the Catholic people—we could take possession of it at once. But that church was built by contributions collected in all parts of France by the toil of M. Mermillod. No one pretends that the contributions came from any but Ultramontanes; and whatever may be the *law* of the case, the *right* of the case is clear, and I will not be a party to the violation of the right." This was the first distinct issue; and the second was like unto it, to wit: The law under which the Liberal Catholic curés have been installed in the cities with the approval of the majority of the Catholic voters makes it possible to tender to the country curés an oath of obedience which they cannot in conscience take; and, on their refusal, to declare their places vacant, and, against the will of the great majority of the people, to open an election for their successors. But here, too, Hyacinthe and the best of his associates have stood together in resistance to the radicals, and declared that the law which had allowed the Catholic people of the cities to have the pastors of their own choice should not, with their consent, be abused to violate this liberty in the case of the country parishes, which are notoriously Ultramontane.

I fully approve Hyacinthe's position on these questions, and could have justified him in resigning if they had been carried against him. But why he should resign when he was getting his own way about them I do not understand.

He sends me word that he is busy on a pamphlet explaining his position. But explanation will not wholly do away with the damage which this step has inflicted on the cause of Catholic Reform, nor, I fear, on the common estimate of Hyacinthe himself. My own fears are exactly expressed in the following lines from a letter which I have just received from one of the most illustrious of living Englishmen—one thoroughly interested both in the Reform and in the Reformer:

"This step is peculiarly unfortunate, if consummated, as bearing on his future usefulness. It is not only that the Ultramontane, and, I may add, the extreme unbelieving and indifferent party, will rejoice at the failure of the attempt to combine a liberal view of religion with Catholicism, but it will cast a shadow forwards and backwards on his career, as seeming to indicate that his movements originate in that impatience of coöperation which finds it impossible to work in any of the mixed systems of which Churches as well as States are composed."

If the world, on the occasion of this new change, judges this simple, sincere, amiable and conscientious man to be an opinionated, impracticable egotist, it will judge him very unjustly. And yet I fear that this will be its judgment.

As soon as Hyacinthe's pamphlet is published, you shall be informed of the substance of it

AMONG THE POOR.

69 Hicks St., Brooklyn, *Aug.* 31, 1874.

Editor Christian Union:

THE article you so kindly gave place to in your columns a few weeks since respecting the wants of the poor, brought to me such kind responses as were most helpful in alleviating the troubles of the persons named, and others as well.

The widow with seven children has been aided to money and clothing, and provided with a physician who is one of the best oculists in the city; and something is reserved to aid her still farther. The other widow with two little boys has been most sorrowfully afflicted since her case was mentioned in the *Union*. As before stated, she was raised in luxury and had a devoted husband, whose affairs were in such a condition at his death that the estate was bankrupt, so that she was thrown upon her own resources for a support for herself and three little children, one of whom died several years since. A gentleman, residing in a western city, reading her story in your paper, wrote to me respecting her, to know if she would be willing to accept the position of housekeeper in a family where there were several children, their mother being dead. She expressed a willingness to accept the position, and felt confident that she should be able to meet its requirements. I obtained information that was entirely satisfactory in regard to the character and standing of the person as a Christian gentleman, and then informed him that she would be ready at once to enter upon the duties for the compensation he offered.

I stated in the *Union* that her two little boys were boarding with an aunt in New England. Just at this stage in the affair she came to my house at sundown with a letter just received from her aunt, saying that her oldest child was very ill with diptheria, and urging her to come instantly. She was furnished with necessary funds, and left us at once. She reached her children Friday evening. On Monday we received a letter from her aunt, saying that the mother arrived in time to see her darling die, and to find the other severely sick, and that *his* death occurred on Sunday morning. The little boys were taken to Buffalo and buried near their father and grand-parents. She is in our house while I am writing, and leaves this evening for her new home and duties. So sad, desolate and crushed a creature I seldom see, yet her spirit is sweet, and I am sure she will be supported and comforted.

Many thanks to the *Christian Union* and the kind friends who helped me to minister to these sorely troubled ones.

S. B. Halliday.

MR. BEECHER'S FRIENDS.

SINCE the trial to which Mr. Beecher has been exposed he has frequently been heard to say: "My experience reverses all that has ever been said of the inconsistency of human friendship in adversity. Never man had such friends as I have!"

Ever since this public accusation the daily mail of Mr. Beecher has been a most singular and wonderful testimony to the steadfastness and purity and strength of that faith which a long, consistent life of goodness inspires. In view of these numerous and daily recurring letters, he has been known to say: "It is almost worth while to have had so great a sorrow, in order to have seen this nobler side of human nature." Mr. Beecher's mail often numbers sixty or seventy letters a day. It comes from every part of America and, indeed, of the world. Very recently a letter was received from Australia from a Methodist missionary desiring to exchange papers with the *Christian Union*, and speaking with deep feeling of the great usefulness of Mr. Beecher's weekly sermons in their Australian missionary work. Letters have been received from Canada and from England in which, with a noble confidence, the writers—some, men high in churchly and literary rank, others from among the great mass who read and love him—professed their faith in him, simply from the spirit of piety and purity in his published writings. The testimony of hundreds of letters which came before Mr. Beecher had published his vindication was of the writers' unshaken faith in him, from their knowledge of his past history, and the good which they had received in his writings.

Many of these letters are from old political enemies; many of them from places where once his name was execrated. From Baltimore, from Natchez, from New Orleans, have come noble letters of trust and encouragement, denouncing the slander with a generous indignation, and expressing unshaken faith that his innocence would be made to appear.

Not the least affecting of these letters are from poor, or obscure, or desolate and sorrowful people whom Mr. Beecher has been able to comfort. That same tender and merciful spirit which exposed him to the snares of designing men has made him ever full of compassion for the weak, the tempted, the poor, and sorrowful. Many of these letters say: "You have enabled me to live under great sorrow." "You have taught me the meaning of affliction." "But for you I know not how I could have lived under my affliction;" and then follow touching, earnest attempts to return comfort to him. In one case the writer makes a selection of comforting and encouraging passages from Mr. Beecher's own writings to people under affliction, and earnestly begs him to remember them now.

It is worthy of remark, also, that members of all denominations have joined in this tribute. Baptist and Methodist brethren, from distant fields of labor, send voices of encouragement. A Jewish Rabbi sends words of confidence and trust worthy a son of the Old Testament. And, finally, a man writes: "I believe neither in God nor in the Christian religion nor in priests, but having read your statement I believe in you, as an honest man, and will say, furthermore, that it has come nearer to making me want to be a Christian than anything I have ever read."

If such has been the truth and constancy of these thousands of Mr. Beecher's friends who have never seen his face in the flesh, how much greater and more wonderful has been the constancy of Plymouth Church. With a delicacy and magnanimity unparalleled they have believed in and supported him merely on the evidence of his past life and character, without an examination.

It was not Plymouth Church that cited Mr. Beecher to an investigation; it was Mr. Beecher who asked Plymouth Church to make that investigation. It was Mr. Beecher who put himself on trial before them, in face of their ardent profession that they needed no evidence but their knowledge of the life he had lived among them. And Mr. Beecher has been declared innocent by acclamation of the whole great church assembled, who thus express in view of evidence the faith which they have held unshaken all along.

And, more than that, Mr. Beecher has been constantly cheered by words of loyal trust from the common people wherever he moved—ferry-men and gate-keepers, who for years have had a genial word from him as he passed, have given it back to him in kindness now. On railroad trains, the conductor has whispered in his ear a word of generous faith. Mr. Beecher has always been a man among men. In traveling his habit has always been to enter into the sympathies of all he met, of whatever rank in life. He has often said he never met a man of whom he could not learn something. He has had his friends among engineers, brakemen, day-laborers, working-men of every class, and he has found these friends true and good in his hour of need.

Now, it has been proved abundantly that Mr. Beecher has made great mistakes in this matter. It has been proved that he has given his confidence and his affection with unwise credulity to seeming friends who have betrayed him. But for two treacherous friends there have been thousands of constant ones. Save for those two, those who have known him longest and closest have been most unwavering in their faith in him. The warm-hearted, trusting man who believes with all his heart, and loves with all his heart, has friends that believe and love with all the heart in return. "Give, and it shall be given to you," says the Bible. Mr. Beecher gives love, and he has love given to him. He trusts largely and generously, and receives a large and generous trust in return. He is prone to believe in good and slow to believe evil of others, and others have proved themselves equally prone to believe good and slow to believe evil of him. A cold-hearted, wary, prudent man never would have made such mistakes as Mr. Beecher has—nor such friends, friends whose constancy and devotion may well renew our faith in human nature.

Rev. Leonard W. Bacon writes from Geneva, Switzerland, to the publishers of the *Christian Union* words that embody, we believe, the belief of very many: "I never have had a doubt of him. His power of patient waiting convinced me that he knew himself to be right. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Despite the blunders of these last four years, I believe they will be shown to be the most heroic and Christ-like of his life."

Lecture-Room Talk,

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

GOD'S NEARNESS TO MEN.

FRIDAY EVENING, *April* 7, 1874.

I AM very much struck in looking rapidly through the Gospels, and following the facts of the life of the Saviour, with his unprofessional nature. You know that he was not only a Jew, but a peasant. He was born of parents in the lowest walk of life; and he never took any pains to get out of that class, nor away from that condition. He not only made no effort to do it, but when it was pressed upon him by all the motives of ambition he almost indignantly rejected it. And it was the absolute refusal of Christ to leave the common people, and cease to be a man among men, that marked the division line between his extreme popularity and the last few months of his life when his favor with the people waned. It was when he was offered the leadership, and they insisted upon making him king, that he put it away from him, and would not let his disciples stay with the enthusiastic crowd, but constrained them to get into the ship, and go on the other side; and there resolutely confronted and talked down the influences that would have made him something grand and large among men. It was his renunciation of this and keeping himself close to the bosom of the common people that gave the affront, and separated from him the enthusiasm of the great mass of the Galilean people.

Now, there is a meaning in that. I take notice that in all his ministration in Galilee he was not a priest nor a prophet in the ordinary sense of the term. He was not an official in any way whatever. It was not by virtue of the Scribes' authority that he taught. It was not because the synagogue had given him the liberty to teach. He did not claim that he had anything from the schools of Jerusalem. He had something to say, and he said it. That is ordination enough for anybody.

And you will observe that all the way through his ministry he addressed the whole of society. I know that a great many, in order to show their zeal for the common people and for the poor, will consort with them and grumble against the educated and the rich. Well, that is just as bad, in its way, as to consort with the rich and the educated and inveigh against the vulgarity of the poor. We are called not to the rich nor to the poor, but to all mankind, to everybody that has been born into this life. We are called to men, and not to any particular class.

Therefore, our Saviour went to eat with rich men, and when they had a royal feast or banquet he did not object to joining in their festivities. He took their wine and their choice dishes; so much so that he himself says that people railed at him, and called him a gluttonous man and a winebibber. That was the reputation that was given him in some quarters. Not that it was true; but it shows that he went into places of high life, and affiliated with those whom he found there. He took all, whether they belonged to the top, the middle, or the bottom rank. Everywhere he had a sense of personal nearness to men. "I am yours and you are mine," was the essential quality of his intercourse with them, whether they were high or low, rich or poor, good or bad.

This adhesion to the common people, and this close personal intercourse with men, ran through two-thirds or more of his ministry. I can imagine that at Capernaum (no small place at that time—a city of no mean architecture, as the memorials and ruins now show), he might have said, "All that wish, come to me." He might have gone to Jerusalem and been known simply as one of the templars. He did neither. He went out into all the cities and villages round about and preached the Gospel. He searched men out. Instead of saying to men, "Come to me," he went to them; and when he went up to Jerusalem, during the last forty days, he was not quartered among the officials. He had one public reception, and that was when he came in on one side, and the people cried, "Hosanna! hosanna!" a few days before he went out on the other side, and they cried, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

His headquarters were among the common people. He blessed the children, placing his hand on their heads. He was familiar with household life. He sympathized with the experiences of those whom he was among. When they were in joy or in sorrow, do you suppose he sat bolt upright, and took no part in their lot? If children spun tops and flew kites in Jerusalem, doubtless he mended their kites and fixed their tops. They clambered about his knee, and liked him as much as children do their grandfathers.

So, then, instead of putting himself in a position of great dignity, and influence, and separateness, instead of saying, "I am a priest, and ye are the people," making the distinction as clear as possible between himself and them, he obliterated it. He sought to break down the middle walls of partition, not only between Jew and Gentile, but between man and man. The divine nature ingratiated itself with human nature in familiar ways, that it might lift it up, and make it godlike.

Then came the scenes of his passion, of his sufferings in Gethsemane, of his trial, of his death, of his slumbering in the grave, and of his resurrection.

Now, the question has always seemed to me this: Why should not Christ have gone immediately from the tomb heavenward? If he had, it is likely that his disciples would have felt, "Well, this man that has dwelt among us, and been like unto us, is dead; or, if he lives, he lives in the other sphere, and is gone, through his suffering, back to his original nature, and he will be our God now in heaven, afar off, to be revered." As it were to meet that, he rose from the grave, he walked with them still again on earth, he went back to Galilee, and stood by the sea coast, and called them to him when they were scared, and allayed their fears, and called for fish and bread, and ate with them, and went with them to Emmaus, and took tea with them; thus, after his supreme passion, when everything was prepared, he tarried with them still a little space on the earth, to show them that in the higher life which he was entering he was yet in sympathy with them, and they could cling to him with love and familiar trust. And then, that impression having been made, he ascended; and he is the same Lord and Savior to men, and will forever be the same.

Upon that statement of fact I want to call your attention to the way in which you are accustomed to think of God and pray to him.

I do not think you have a friend on earth that you would treat as you do God. Many of the brethren of this church who have been many years with us have caught the sacred infection of familiarity in talking and in prayer, which answers somewhat to my idea of our experience with our God; but I can almost tell when a person has not been long here, or is a stranger among us, by the judicial or legislative thought which he has of God, as he discloses it when he speaks or prays. Christ says, say, "Our Father;" but people come in and say, "Oh, thou Almighty, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent God;" and we think of God as on a throne, and as, by his sovereign power, ruling his universal empire. By talking of his omnipotence and omniscience, we make him as big and as far off as we can; and in order to portray him as one very much to be reverenced, we add to him peculiarities which drive a man away from intimacy.

Look at the difference between a man in his official character and that same man in his unofficial character. I had the pleasure of seeing Judge Daly in my house this afternoon. On meeting him, I said, "Come in, come in," and put him in my best big chair; and we sat down and chatted, and had a social time. But suppose I were to go over to New York, where he was holding court, and was sitting on the bench, and should go up to him, and slap him on the shoulder, and say, "Good morning, Judge; how do you do this morning?" That would not answer at all. I should say, "May it please your honor," etc. There he is magistrate, and I approach him only as magistrate. He is bound not to know social feelings in his legal capacity. He assumes an artificial character. His business in court is to administer law.

Now, take that idea which springs of necessity from human weakness in worldly things, as manifested by that most bungling of all machines, human government, and apply it to God, and try to pray to him, and you make him so big and grand and high that he is beyond our reach. We keep saying, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" and yet, if he does not behold iniquity, he does not look upon us, for we are all sinners. But we know that he is not unmindful of sinners. He died for sinners, and he lives for sinners, and the prayers of sinners are acceptable to him. If they were an abomination to him we should be separated from him, and he would be separated from us. We speak to God as though sin threw him as far as possible from us, and us as far as possible from him; but it is the testimony of Christ's whole life that it is the nature of God to come near to men, and bring down greatness to littleness, and make purity serve impurity, and be himself the universal instrument of all; as in that most sacred scene which took place near the close of Christ's life, where he girded himself with a towel, and washed the disciples' feet, and said that the Son of Man came to serve, and not to be served; to minister, and not to be ministered unto; or, in the fullness of the original, that he came to be the slave of love, and not to have love-slaves take care of him.

We forget all that, and in our whole habitude of mind go about treating God as if he were a king, or a magistrate, or something else than the dear, personal, loving Saviour that he is.

Now you cannot pray with any great comfort so long as you hold such a view as that. Think, one moment, what it is that constitutes the pleasure of the household. Now and then there is a breaking-up of the great deep; now and then there are excitements of joy or sorrow in the household which burst forth tumultously; but, ordinarily in the course of life there is a flow of reason and of affection. It is the interplay between one and the other. It is the responsive glance of the eye. It is the smiling or weeping together. It is taking in the same thoughts as we read the book or the paper. It is the little conversation that follows. It is the hastening to do a kindness. A thousand little things come up to enrich the moments and make the day bright. But suppose you substitute for the intercourse of the family such relations as those which are supposed to exist between us and Christ, and act accordingly. Suppose you should say to your children, "Come, my children, and visit your venerable father." Suppose they should come to you and hold up their hands, and say, "Father, does it please thee to let us go out and play a short space of time?" Would you like it? If my children should come to me and ask permission to play in that way, I would give them play of another sort! I would break down any such nonsense as that in my house very quick! What do I want of my child? I want he should come with all his weaknesses and imperfections, in the naturalness of love and confidence and familiar trust. I want nothing to come between me and him. I do not want anything artificial in our intercourse with each other.

And there ought to be the same freedom in our intercourse with God that there is in our intercourse in the household; but we go to God with a feeling of awe, and are afraid to approach him familiarly. Our voice, our style of expression, our whole manner, when we attempt to pray to God, is distant and unnatural. And do you wonder that your prayers are not answered? Do you wonder that you are not refreshed by them? I do not. If, however, you will take the key-note from the apostles, if you will make Christ as familiar to you as he was to them at the house in Bethany, you will receive much more help and satisfaction from praying. Do we bring our Saviour within the household, within the charmed circle of personal attraction? Do we, when we pray to him, think of him and talk to him according to this analogy of sweet domestic life? or do we try to make a Judge, a Governor, a King of him, and then come to him according to the method of the courts?

I cannot but feel that we honor Christ most when we love him most. Perfect love casts out fear; and when fear is cast out, and love fills the whole soul, then it abounds in ten thousand familiarities and intimacies. Under such circumstances we can come with boldness to the throne of grace—that boldness which love always gives; and our intercourse becomes sweet, and our prayers avail.

Books and Authors.

GENERAL WALKER ON THE INDIANS.

The Indian Question. By Francis A. Walker, Late U. S Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This little book contains three very substantial essays, the first one being upon the general subject which gives to the volume its title, the second upon the question of Indian Citizenship, and the third upon the present number, residence and condition of the various Indian tribes. All who know of General Walker's ability, and of his special opportunities of acquiring information upon these several topics, will at once see that he writes as one having the authority of real knowledge, and not as a mere scribe who has "crammed" for the task of making this particular book. Indeed, it is a book of uncommon value. It is a necessity to all who would be properly informed upon the urgent issues of this calamitous Indian problem. But in proportion to our respect for the contents of the book is our astonishment that its author could have committed the unpardonable literary sin of sending it forth without an Index. It is a sort of repository of fresh and valid information concerning the Indians, but there is no ready means furnished by the author to enable the reader to turn to such portions of this information as he may at any moment desire to get access to. Would it not be a just law to require the Librarian of Congress to refuse a copyright to any book coming to him so villainously unequipped?

As General Walker writes on Indian affairs with great fullness of knowledge, so does he write with gravity and an earnest appreciation of all the humane, moral and political interests involved. The ever-returning question is, What shall we do with the Indian? We want to do right; but what is right, in this perplexing case? Those who wish a considerate and noble-minded answer to the various forms of this question can hardly do better than to turn over the pages of this book. To show how thoughtfully he deals with the matter, we recommend the student to examine the author's discussion of Indian citizenship. There are those who would solve all Indian difficulties by the miraculous patent medicine of a vote. Gen. Walker goes into this subject very thoroughly, and weighs with great fairness everything that can be urged in favor of conferring the ballot upon the Indians. His conclusion is that "Indian citizenship is to be regarded as an end, and not as a means; that it is the goal to which each tribe should in turn be conducted, through a course of industrial instruction and constraint, maintained by the government with kindness but also with firmness, under the shield of the reservation system. In the days of President Monroe, the sequestration of the Indians involved only the expense of transporting eighty or ninety thousand persons to a region not settled, nor then desired for settlement. To-day there is no portion of our territory where citizens of the United States are not preparing to make their homes. To cut off a reservation sufficient for the wants of this unfortunate people in their rude ways of life; to hedge it in with strict laws of non-intercourse, turning aside for the purpose railway and highway alike; and, upon the soil thus secluded to work patiently out the

problem of Indian civilization,—is not deemed a light sacrifice to national honor and duty. Yet that the Government and people of the United States cannot discharge their obligations to the aborigines without pains, and care, and expense, affords no reason for declining the task. The claim of the Indian upon us is of no common character. The advance of railways and settlements is fast pushing him from his home, and in the steady extinction of game is cutting him off from the only means of subsistence of which he knows how to avail himself. He will soon be left homeless and helpless in the midst of civilization, upon the soil that was once his alone. The freedom of territorial and industrial expansion, which is bringing imperial greatness to the nation, to the Indian brings wretchedness, destitution, beggary. Surely there is obligation found in such considerations as these, to make good in some way to him the loss by which we so largely gain. Savage as he is, by no fault of his own, and stripped at once of savage independence and savage competence by our act, for our advantage, we have made ourselves responsible before God and the world for his rescue from destruction, and his elevation to social and industrial manhood, at whatever expense and at whatever inconvenience. The cornerstone of our Indian policy should be the recognition by Government and people that we owe the Indian not endowments and lands only, but also forbearance, patience, care and instruction."

A very general attention by the American people to the facts and reasonings to be found in this book would be both morally and politically educational; for it is a book born of the spirit of scientific accuracy and Christian statesmanship.

MISS THALHEIMER'S MANUAL.

A Manual of Mediæval and Modern History. By M. E. Thalheimer. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

In a dignified octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, Wilson, Hinkle & Co. publish *A Manual of Mediæval and Modern History*, by Miss M. E. Thalheimer, who formerly filled the position of teacher of History and Composition in the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn. Besides this professional experience in simplifying and narrating history for students, Miss Thalheimer has already had some practice in writing it in book-form for the use of young readers; for she is the author of *A Manual of Ancient History*, which has procured for her an agreeable reputation. In the present work she aims to give a comprehensive and condensed sketch of fourteen centuries, from the fall of the Western Empire at Ravenna in 476 to the establishment of the German Empire at Berlin in 1871. Without aiming to give a high literary form to all the mass of details involved in the record of so vast a period, she contents herself with the simple purpose of conveying some just impression of the continuity of the civil history of Europe and its dependencies, under the successive leadership of the Goths and Franks, the Empire and the Spanish power, France and England, until the supremacy of the Teutonic tribes at the opening of the period finds its counterpart in the predominance of the new German Empire and the Anglo-Saxon race at its close.

Miss Thalheimer regards mediæval history as covering the thousand years which separate the dissolution of the Roman Empire in the West from the erection of the modern European States-system, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The spacious interval between the old order and the new may be viewed in two distinct periods. First, for six hundred years, we find the anarchic forces of society stronger than the orderly ones; and during this period the principal events are the migrations of the northern tribes, the repulse of the Saracens in their effort to annex Europe to the Mohammedan Empire, the revival of the Western Empire, and the rise of Feudalism. These six centuries are the Dark Ages. The four succeeding centuries are those which are more properly called the Middle Ages, characterized "by greater activity of the tendencies to order and civilization; tribes settle into nations, the remnant of the migratory impulse expending itself in pilgrimages and crusades; languages are developed and improved; chivalry refines the manners of the warrior, but itself declines, as feudal chiefs become subject to consolidated monarchies; learning is diffused, and industry obtains something of its just dignity and importance."

In dealing with modern history, Miss Thalheimer views it under three divisions, comprising, first, the rise, second, the establishment, and third, the dissolution of the Balance of Power in Europe. The author seems to us to have done her work thoroughly and well, and to have produced a manual for historical instruction that has been much needed. She has evidently felt the strong influence of Edward A. Freeman's ideas and methods, and her book has been the gainer by it. Freeman's influence is shown especially in her firm grasp upon the thought of a unity and continuity of history, and by her exclusion from particular notice of all those races and nations whose experience has contributed nothing to the civil history of mankind. The adaptation of the book to the uses of the class-room is increased by the notes of "Recapitulation" inserted at the end of each important section, as well as by the "Questions for Review," which follow each Book. It was a wise thought, also, to place in the book the beautiful copies of twelve maps from Spruner's new Historical Atlas. These maps represent Europe at the beginning of the Sixth Century, the Carlovingian Empire, Europe during the latter half of the Tenth Century, Syria at the time of the Crusades, France before A.D. 1461, Northern Italy from 1492 to 1797, Europe during the Thirty Years' War, the British Isles, Map of the World showing Colonial Possessions, Region between Paris and Berlin showing the principal battle-fields, Europe during the reign of Napoleon, and Europe in 1872.

LOGIC AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

The Principles of Science: A Treatise on Logic and the Scientific Method. By W. Stanley Jevons, F. R. S. Special American Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The inevitable effect of this very able work will be to give an impulse to the study of the theory of reasoning. Its author, who is Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owens College, Manchester, and who has already achieved a high position among original investigators and thinkers in England, holds the opinion that the rapid progress made in the physical sciences during the last three centuries has not been accompanied by a corresponding advance in Scientific Method. Physicists have much to say, indeed, of Scientific Method, but this is a term which they use with a rather undefined meaning. "Profoundly engaged in the study of particular classes of natural phenomena, they are usually too much engrossed in the immense and ever-accumulating details of their special sciences, to generalize upon the methods of reasoning which they unconsciously employ." It is to do something towards the cure of this deficiency that Professor Jevons has written this book—a book of vast range, and dealing with its subject minutely and with exhaustive thoroughness. Though the application of the Scientific Method cannot be restricted to the sphere of lifeless objects, it needs to begin with them. Sooner or later we must have sciences of mental and social phenomena, as well as of those that are purely physical; but we are not ready for them yet. We must proceed from the known to the unknown, from the material and palpable to the subtle and refined; and we are at liberty to regard the physical sciences as a practice-ground of the reasoning powers, since they present to us a great body of precise and successful investigations. "In these sciences we meet with happy instances of unquestionable deductive reasoning, of extensive generalization, of happy prediction, of satisfactory verification, of nice calculation of probabilities. We can note how the slightest analogical clue has been followed up to a glorious discovery, how a rash generalization has at length been exposed, or a conclusive *experimentum crucis* has decided the long-continued strife between two rival theories."

In the effort to state the general methods of inductive investigation, Professor Jevons has found it necessary to base the processes of quantitative induction upon the simpler science of Formal Logic. The first portion of the work, therefore, states what are called the fundamental laws of thought, and "the all-important principle of Substitution," of which, according to the author, all reasoning is a development. In this connection, it will be interesting to quote Professor Jevons's opinion on the scientific value of Lord Bacon. "The study," he says, "both of Formal Logic and of the Theory of Probabilities, has led me to adopt the opinion that there is no such thing as a distinct method of induction as contrasted with deduction, but that induction is simply an inverse employment of deduction. Within the last century a reaction has been setting in against the purely empirical procedure of Francis Bacon, and physicists have learned to advocate the use of hypotheses. I take the extreme view of holding that Francis Bacon, although he correctly insisted upon constant reference to experience, had no correct notions as to the logical method by which, from particular facts, we educe laws of nature. I endeavor to show that hypothetical anticipation of nature is an essential part of inductive inquiry, and that it is the Newtonian method of deductive reasoning, combined with elaborate experimental verification, which has led to all the great triumphs of scientific research."

The first Book being devoted to the principles of Formal Logic, both deductive and inductive; and the second to the principles of Number, to the theory of Combinations and Permutations, and to the theory of Probability, the third deals with "Methods of Measurement," the fourth with "Inductive Investigation," and the fifth with "Generalization, Analogy, and Classification."

His concluding remarks have a profound interest for all from their bearing upon the most important problems of thought in our time. "I have expressed the conviction," says he, in his summary of those remarks, "that serious misconceptions are entertained by some scientific men as to the logical value of our knowledge of nature. We have heard much of what has been aptly called the Reign of Law, and the necessity and uniformity of natural forces has been not uncommonly interpreted as involving the non-existence of an intelligent and benevolent Power, capable of interfering with the course of natural events. Fears have been expressed that the progress of Scientific Method must therefore result in dissipating the fondest beliefs of the human heart. Even the 'Utility of Religion' is seriously proposed as a subject of discussion. It seemed to be not out of place in a work on Scientific Method to allude to the ultimate results and limits of that method. I fear that I have very imperfectly succeeded in expressing my strong conviction that before a rigorous logical scrutiny the Reign of Law will prove to be an unverified hypothesis, the uniformity of nature an ambiguous expression, the certainty of our scientific inferences to a great extent a delusion. The value of science is, of course, very high, while the conclusions are kept well within the limits of the data on which they are founded, but it is pointed out that our experience is of the most limited character compared with what is to learn, while our mental powers seem to fall infinitely short of the task of comprehending and explaining fully the nature of any one subject. I draw the conclusion that we must interpret the results of Scientific Method in an affirmative sense only. Ours must be a truly positive philosophy, not that false negative philosophy which, building on a few material facts, presumes to assert that it has compassed the bounds of existence, while it nevertheless ignores the most unquestionable phenomena of the human mind and feelings."

NOTES.

Mr. H. R. Palmer, assisted by Mr. L. O. Emerson, has made a collection of sacred and secular music for choirs, conventions, singing-schools, Normal Musical Academies, and the home-circle. It bears the title of *The Leader*, and is published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

We have had something to say hitherto of the series of compact historical books for schools edited by the eminent historian, Edward A. Freeman, and published in this country by Henry Holt & Co. We have now to mention with hearty commendation two volumes recently added to the series. One is the *History of Scotland*, by Margaret Macarthur; the other is the *History of Germany* by James Sime.

Among new novels are the following: From Estes & Lauriat, *Atherstone Priory*, by L. N. Comyn.—From Henry Holt & Co., *The Notary's Nose*, translated from the French of Edmond About by Henry Holt, and forming one of the "Leisure Hour Series."—From Henry L. Hinton & Co., *My Comrade's Adventures in the Highlands and Legends of the Neutral Ground*, by Hd. H. Illustrated.—From American Sunday-School Union, *The Minister's Wife; or, Life in a Country Parish*, by Mrs. A. K. Dunning.

An additional volume of the "Bric-a-Brac Series" has been issued by the publishers, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., entitled *Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens*. The editor, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, has made his selections with delicate tact and nice discrimination, and has a gracefully written Preface discussing the subject of biography in general and of the written and unwritten biographies of Thackeray and Dickens in particular. Take, for instance, this fine bit of contrasted delineation: "Thackeray was sensitive, satirist though he was, and cannot be acquitted of techyness, in regard to what was written concerning himself and his private affairs. When it came to large things—to his work and his life—he was supremely indifferent. He left his work to the world as Shakespeare did: his life was of no importance. He left no record of it, and he would not have it related. It was otherwise with Dickens, as we cannot but feel after reading Mr. Forster's Life of him. He was from the beginning conscious that he was a man of genius, and conscious that the world would one day want to know all about him. He never forgot himself in his work, though he loved his work because it was a part of himself. There was an intellectual selfishness in him from which the larger and stronger nature of Thackeray was free. . . . It is to be regretted that the Life of Thackeray has not been written. It is also to be regretted that the Life of Dickens has been written—at least by Mr. Forster. . . . His Life of Dickens is not tedious—it could not well be that—but it is constructed, I venture to think, upon an erroneous plan, and it is narrow, in that it presents Dickens only as he was seen by Mr. Forster. . . . Dickens was known to many besides Mr. Forster, and known differently to them than to him. He does not appear to think so, and the result is his narrow and unsatisfactory Life of Dickens. It is an interesting, an instructive, and a painful book." Altogether this volume fully maintains the high credit which the "Bric-a-Brac Series" achieved by its initial volume, and both editor and publishers are to be congratulated on their assured success in ministering to the instruction and delight of a public that is already large and will constantly grow larger.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The receipt of all books delivered at the Editorial Rooms of this paper will be acknowledged in its earliest subsequent issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Accompanying memoranda of prices are desirable in all cases.]

Authors and Titles.	*Publishers.*	*Price.*
"Ahn's Method of Learning French, Primers, Reading-Charts, etc.	E. Steiger & Co., New York.	
"Ahn's Rudiments of German, Handbook, Reading-Charts, etc.	E. Steiger & Co., New York.	
Bascom, J., "Philosophy of English Literature."	Putnams.	
Bigsby, Bernard, "Elements of the English Language."	Glan Brothers.	
Curling, Henry, "Love at First Sight."	Peterson.	50
De Bernard, Charles, "A Fatal Passion."	G. W. Carleton.	1 75
Downing, S. E. C., "Songs of the Valley of Achor."	Randolph.	75
Gardner, Celia E., "Tested, or Hope's Fruition."	Carleton.	1 75
Hooper, Henry, "The Lost Model."	Lippincott.	
Kimball, H. McEwen, "Swallow Flights of Song."	E. P. Dutton & Co.	1 25
Morris, Edward E., "The Crusades."	Putnam's Sons.	1 00
" " "The Protestant Revolution."	" "	1 00
Prescott, Wm. H., "Philip the Second."	Lippincott.	
Schuckers, J. W., "The Life of S. P. Chase."	D. Appleton & Co.	
Steffens, Heinrich, "German University Life."	Lippincott.	
Verne, Jules, "A Floating City."	Scribner.	
Willett, William M., "Messiah."	B. B. Russell, Boston.	

We have also received current numbers of the following publications:

Blackwood's Magazine (Leonard Scott Pub. Co.)—*Harper's Monthly*—*Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering*—New York. *The California Mail Bag*—*The Overland Monthly*—San Francisco.

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F. W. VANUXEM, General Agent for Pennsylvania and Delaware. Address Vanuxem, Bates & Lambert, 402 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE OF THE
Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28TH, 1874.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1873:

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873	$6,511,114 22
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1873	2,212,160 70
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$8,723,274 92
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks; nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked Off from 1st January, 1873, to 31st December, 1873	$6,390,016 73
Losses paid during the same period	2,960,882 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,258,319 26

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank and other Stocks	$8,567,105 00
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,802,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	407,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	422,894 66
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,883,302 27
Cash in Bank	521,340 59
Total Amount of Assets	$15,613,642 52

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1870, will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Third of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued for gold premiums, the payment of interest will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty Per Cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1873, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, *Secretary.*

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CHARLES DENNIS,	SHEPPARD GANDY,
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[1855.] AUBURN, N. Y. [1874.]

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Will open the ninth year of her school, at her residence, No. 68 MARLBOROUGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 24, 1874.

Refers by permission to her patron, Right Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts; also to Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., Bishop of Central New York; Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, New York; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., Harvard University. Circulars may be obtained by addressing Miss Putnam.

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VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie,

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STAMFORD, CONN.,
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OREAD INSTITUTE for Young Ladies,

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MRS. J. T. BENEDICT'S BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies

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FALLEY SEMINARY, Fulton, Oswego County, N. Y.

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The Christian Union

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1874.

DEPARTMENTS OF THE PAPER.

Editorial Department.—All letters for this department, and all manuscripts offered for publication, to be addressed "Editor *Christian Union*, 27 Park Place, New York." Unaccepted articles will be returned, if, *at the time they are sent*, this is requested, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

The Publishers' Department contains nothing but matters relating to the business of the paper itself and its relations to Subscribers and Agents.

The Business Department contains advertisements set in "reading matter type" to make them more attractive.

The Advertising Columns contain advertisements more or less displayed, according to the taste of the advertiser, within due limits: rigidly excluding all patent medicines, surgical appliances, "blind" advertisements, and, so far as careful scrutiny will effect it, all objectionable matter of every kind.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

Without consultation with Mr. Beecher or instructions from him, his associates still keep the position which they took last week, and, on their own responsibility, speak of him as freely as if he had no connection with the paper. This line of action must, of course, be terminated at no distant date by his return to the city and resumption of active editorial duty, but under present circumstances they do not feel it necessary to offer any justification for the course they have taken.

A REASONABLE FAITH.

IT is evident that the best sentiment of the community is gravitating steadily to a firm faith in Mr. Beecher. Considering the violence and extraordinary ingenuity of the attacks upon him, the strength which was lent to them by his own mistakes, and the difficulty of clearly proving a negative which weighs so heavily upon the defense in such a case, it is remarkable that the public confidence in him is rallying so rapidly. Yet, there is still an amount of uncertainty and a desire for a fuller vindication which is wholly out of proportion to any weight in the proofs. We wish to dwell for a moment on the causes which have given to the accusations a degree of credit wholly in excess of their intrinsic credibility.

Mr. Tilton's charge was openly proclaimed to the public only in last July. But, for years previously, slanders had been disseminated in a way in which it was impossible to meet them. Stories had been whispered in the ears of influential men. Vile accusations were repeated "in confidence" to those who were sure to give them wide and speedy currency. Mr. Beecher's absolute reticence left his friends for a long time without even his word of denial to oppose to these calumnies. In particular, the seeds of slander were carefully sown among newspaper men, and a part of the press has treated the matter throughout under a bias thus covertly given in advance.

Then, the open assaults were made in a way to produce the maximum effect, and, as usual, truth was slower in refuting than falsehood in asserting. The publication in Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon of the so-called "confession," gave a shock to the public mind. It was seven weeks before the slow process of a formal investigation brought to light the fact that that paper was signed by Mr. Beecher without reading, and utterly perverted his expressions. The delay in the explanation increased ten-fold the practical effect of the publication of the paper. Mr. Tilton's full story, as told to the Committee and instantly given to the world, was so framed and colored as to make on minds unaccustomed to scrutinize evidence—that is, on the great mass of the community—an impression utterly beyond the weight that would be allowed it by a trained judge. It was three weeks before Mr. Beecher's statement could be set against it, and every day of that delay told in the accuser's favor. Mr. Moulton absolutely evaded the Committee and the cross-examination, and through the safe channel of the public press has let loose one deluge after another of disgusting stories. The whole affair has illustrated the saying, "Throw mud enough, and some of it will stick." Mr. Beecher's reputation has suffered less from all the evidence—using the word in its widest sense—than from the mere connection of his name with a mass of foulness. A man who has been pelted with bad eggs, be he in his own behavior the most immaculate of mortals, is for a time in bad odor with his neighbors. But, as the falsehood of these charges becomes apparent, their very foulness must intensify the revulsion of feeling in favor of the man who has suffered from them.

We have spoken of some of the causes which have, for a time, lent undue effect to the accusatory evidence. That evidence, sifted and weighed, resolves itself into the word of two men, both of whom the public has the best reasons for distrusting, and certain of Mr. Beecher's letters, of which he has given a full and sufficient explanation. We turn now to that evidence which establishes a presumption of innocence, that, weighed against such proof, amounts to an absolute moral demonstration. We mean the evidence of character.

Mr. Beecher's virtues and public services have sometimes been spoken of, not as proof of his innocence, but as ground for his forgiveness by the community. We reject with abhorrence such a plea as that. That a minister of the Gospel should retain his public charge after being guilty of adultery is repugnant to every sentiment of religion and every conviction of right reason. The worst enemies of the public good in this discussion have been those journals—happily very few—which said, in effect: "Oh! we guess he's guilty, but he is a great preacher and a good fellow: let him go on with his preaching and have no more fuss about it!" The men who have written in this tone have written their own condemnation, as insensible to the plainest instincts, we will not say of religion, but of morality and decency.

Rejecting, then, indignantly, the idea of condoning such an offense as Mr. Beecher is charged with on account of any public services or personal merits whatsoever, we say that the tenor of Mr. Beecher's life, as the whole world may read it, of itself affords an overwhelming presumption that the charge is utterly false. And before pressing the general argument, we wish to correct misapprehension on a single point. The original version of this calumny pretended that Mr. Beecher, a "progressive" and "radical" thinker, sympathized with the "advanced" doctrine of free love. Without fully believing this assertion, many persons among the class who are conservative in theology and politics have a vague feeling that Mr. Beecher, in their view a very unorthodox and "loose" thinker, may be liable to strange vagaries upon social topics. Now, while Mr. Beecher has not adhered closely to the traditions of Orthodox theology, while he has been in ardent sympathy with genuine reforms in politics and in society, while he has been the advocate of the highest personal freedom and a political equality irrespective of nationality or sex, on one subject he has been absolutely conservative: the relations of marriage and the family. From his multitudinous writings not one word can be produced that betrays the slightest sympathy with anything tending to weaken the marriage tie. His whole teaching and influence has tended to maintain, in utmost sacredness and purity, the Christian ideal of the family. The readers of this journal will bear witness that, while we have been sometimes counted unorthodox in our theology, and have said some things and allowed our contributors to say more that ran counter to established ideas in various respects, there has never been a line in the paper, editorial or contributed, that lent shadow of countenance to the unholy theories that tend to make the marriage tie less sacred. In his paper, in his pulpit, and in his life, Mr. Beecher has been thoroughly consistent in this matter. As he said in his cross-examination: "I stand on the New England doctrine in which I was brought up, that it is best for a man to have one wife, and that he stay by her, and that he do not meddle with his neighbors' wives. I abhor every manifestation of the free love doctrine that I have seen in theory, and I abhor every advocate of the free love doctrine that I have known."

We spoke last week of the publicity in which Mr. Beecher has lived. But the real meaning of his life has not always been penetrated even by those who admired him. His genius, his wit, his oratorical power, have sometimes diverted attention from the quality which underlies and ennobles his talents. That quality is devotion to the service of his fellow-men. If there has been one central force in the life of Henry Ward Beecher it has been this—the desire and purpose to help those who needed help. His preaching, his theology, his whole public and private life, have taken their color from this quality. He has taught it and he has lived it. Whoever reads the self-disclosures which abound in his writings will see this disposition revealed as the mainspring of his laborious life, and the highest source of his power. It shines out in all his preaching. "A love that does not count *itself* dear; that is measured not by what it can get, but give; that is tested not by the exquisiteness of its enjoyment, but by the degree to which it is willing to *suffer;* and yet farther, by the remoteness of the objects of love from ourselves, and the degree in which they are unable to recompense us again—this is Christ's ideal of love." So, in a private letter, he expresses what he has said in a thousand sermons. With infinite variety and richness of expression, the same ideal shines everywhere in his teaching. It is just this disposition which has inspired and moulded his life. The whole story of that life would have to be told, all its public utterances garnered, countless incidents drawn from the men and women he has met in private intercourse, to fully bring to light this quality in the man. We can give one or two illustrations only.

Hardly any preacher in our time has presented the Divine character with such power and attractiveness as Mr. Beecher; and the secret of this exalted and ennobling conception is largely to be found in that sympathetic, helpful element in the preacher's own disposition which enables him to conceive of beneficence and sympathy in their truly Divine forms. No mere intellectual power ever enabled a man to so think of Christ and God, and so draw men's hearts by the presentation of them, as Mr. Beecher does. It is only through the life that such truth is reached.

We must look, however, not only at his abstract presentation of truth, but at the effects wrought on his hearers, and at his own walk and conversation. The only collective test that can be had of the fruits of his teaching is furnished by Plymouth Church. The impression which a casual observer sometimes gets, that the church is simply an audience gathered by the attraction of a popular speaker, is wholly away from the truth. The church may be judged by that quality on which its pastor loves to dwell—its activity in good works. Its contributions to charities far exceed those of any similar body in the country. Its mission schools are among the largest and most beneficent to be found anywhere. And wherever its members have gone—and they have been scattered all over the land—we appeal to their new associates, whether, not only in warmth of Christian feeling, but in disposition toward all charitable and helpful labor, they have not done honor to their mother-church and to the pastor who is the heart of that church, and to the Divine Source of that pastor's strength.

More trustworthy than any other test of character is the simple record of the daily life. That cannot be laid at large before the public. But they can see one thing: while two men who have lived near Mr. Beecher have bitterly accused him, for the rest, just in proportion as people have been near him in daily life has their faith in him been strong. His church has not, it is true, been very "judicial"; perhaps it has not in all things been wise; but it has been white-hot in its love and trust toward the man who for twenty-seven years has dwelt in its midst. His daily life, as we have said, it is impossible to portray at large. But we cannot forbear to give an outline of one or two days which happened to fall within our immediate knowledge. We give it merely as a sample of the characteristic life of the man who is called a libertine and a scoundrel.

On successive days, Mr. Beecher delivered two of his powerful lectures to the Yale Divinity School. At the close of the second lecture, he took the cars to visit a family who, in sudden and great sorrow, had asked for the comfort of his presence. As he took his seat in the car, a young man behind him, an entire stranger, leaned forward and addressed him abruptly: "Mr. Beecher! Must I believe every word in the Bible, to be a Christian?" "No!" "Well—what then?" "You must believe the *truth* that is in the Bible." After a moment's pondering: "Now, about the Incarnation. Why do I need to believe in that?" In rapid sentences Mr. Beecher laid open the subject to his comprehension. "I see. And now, about Conversion?" That, too, was swiftly discussed. The train reached a station, and the young man rose to go, saying: "Mr. Beecher, you have laid my ghosts." "I hope they will never rise again," was the reply; and they parted. In another hour Mr. Beecher was in the midst of a household upon whom had just fallen a sudden and terrible bereavement. With his very entrance a ray of peace and comfort came to their hearts. The next morning, he stood beside their dead, and spoke words, tender, gentle, that lifted them up out of the region of sorrow and gloom, until at last the very radiance of heaven shone upon them, and life and all its sorrows were glorified in the hope of the hereafter. He left, without pause, the household

he had comforted; returned to the city; snatched an hour or two for his own affairs, already darkened by the lowering of the present cloud; and, that same evening, gave to his people the wonted instruction and cheer of his "Lecture-Room Talk." Only a day's intermission, and Sunday followed with its two sermons. And so the man's life goes on.

It is those who have had such experience of him—and there are tens of thousands of them, all over the land—who have held to Henry Ward Beecher in the darkest hours with a faith like adamant. They may say who will that there is more of faith than of reason in that confidence. It is such faith as a man gives to the wife who has been by his side for a lifetime, such faith as children give to parents who have through many years led them up into happiness and virtue.

That ardent faith is not to be expected of the great world which is judging Mr. Beecher, and his friends ought not to demand it. But that world, in soberly weighing the evidence, must take full account of the significance of a life whose character is thus written in broad letters, and vouched for by unnumbered witnesses. In one scale is to be laid the testimony of such a life, and the word of such a man; and in the other scale is the word of Theodore Tilton and F. D. Moulton, with whatever evidence their personal character may afford as to the value of their word.

A COMMERCIAL VIEW OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

IT is not necessary, we doubt if it is even well, to refuse to take sometimes a very low view of a very high subject; and perhaps there is no subject to which this remark is more applicable than that of the organized efforts of American Christians, during the past seventy years, to bring the various Pagan populations of the world to the knowledge and the love of Him who lived and died for them as well as for us. In one sense these efforts have been very expensive. The American Board alone spends every year on Foreign Missions nearly half a million of dollars; and we suppose that all the various Missionary Boards in this country spend nearly two millions of dollars per annum. At any rate, in the year 1870, the whole expenditure for Foreign Missions, by all denominations in America, was exactly $1,633,891; and it is probable that this sum indicates with tolerable accuracy the average pecuniary outlay made by American Christians for converting the heathen.

But we are a very practical people, and it is impossible to keep a good many of us from putting the practical question: Does this pay? Is it a good investment?

It is because there are many persons among us who have fallen into the habit of answering that question in the negative that we wish to show that the true answer is the affirmative. We think that we can show that Foreign Missions do pay. And we might do this successfully by keeping only upon the high grounds of the argument; that is, by exhibiting the manifold authentic evidences that the direct moral and religious successes of Christian Missions, as well as the incidental advantages resulting from them in spreading through all the world civilization, culture, humane ideas, and general comfort, are a complete vindication of the wisdom of the churches in giving their money to this cause. Humanity gains every year from these Missions in a thousand ways far more benefit than can be measured by their pecuniary cost.

So that in the higher sense of the word, Foreign Missions do pay. But we go further. We insist that in the lower sense of the word they pay also. All the money that we send out to sustain the missionaries comes back to us again, and that, too, ten times over, in the increase of American trade and commerce incidentally occasioned by these missionaries. If any one doubts this, let him ponder the following statements: "The day we Christianize a heathen," says an able investigator of the pecuniary economy of missions, "we create in him a desire for a better physical condition. One of the first manifestations for good among the Sandwich Islanders was the desire for clothing. The same is seen in other missions. In Africa the naked Grebbo buys an English silk hat, and regards himself as dressed, until his ideas of propriety demand additional articles of clothing. They see in the mission-dwelling and family, that civilization is better than savagism; industry, than idleness; and cleanliness, than filth. So they seek knowledge, and begin to adopt the amenities of life. Their laziness gradually disappears, and with it their utter destitution. Soap obtained from America is used to remove their superabundant dirt. They see the impropriety of nakedness, and cloth and clothing are required of our manufacturers. Instead of floorless and windowless huts, they aspire to houses with doors, windows, floors, and furniture; and commerce supplies this from a nail to a sofa. Husbandry is improved, and all kinds of farming implements, as plows, shovels, forks, etc., are demanded." The business statistics of every Foreign Mission field confirm this theory. Thus the Zulus of South Africa in the year 1870 paid to the merchants of Boston for the single article of plows more money than was spent on the mission among them for that year. One missionary at Harpoot, East Turkey, is reported as having ordered from America more than a hundred fanning mills for the natives among whom he preaches. Some people ignorantly suppose that the sole occupation of our Missionary Boards is to box up and send into heathendom large quantities of Bibles and religious tracts. On the contrary, the employees at their central offices do a great deal of gratuitous work in filling the orders sent through the missionaries for all sorts of implements in agriculture and mechanism. During 1871, 25 grain mills, 1 reaper, 2 Lamb's knitting machines, and a hundred dollars' worth of outline maps, were sent to East Turkey; improved plows, mowing and reaping machines, to Turkey and South Africa; outline maps to Ceylon; and sewing machines and cabinet organs to various other fields. Christianity has lifted up the Sandwich Islands from savagery into some degree of culture and prosperity, and the annual value of its commerce is now $4,406,426. But the whole amount expended in missions in those Islands from the beginning has been only $1,250,000. Reckoning the profit of the trade with the Sandwich Islands as 15 per cent., that trade would in two years pay the entire cost of Christianizing and civilizing them, from the time the first missionary landed among them until they ceased to be the subjects of missionary labor. A careful computation shows that for every dollar we spend in Christian missions we receive ten in return.

We are well aware that this is a low plane on which to discuss Christian missions; but there are people whose objections cannot be encountered on any other. When, hereafter, we hear thrifty Americans bewailing the enormous cost of these missions, it is right to answer that in a certain sense they have cost us nothing. Indeed, they have been pecuniarily profitable to us. By civilizing the heathen we have made them good customers. By extending the bounds of Christianity we have widened the domains of commerce. The merchants and manufacturers of America could from this date assume the entire cost of all the American missions in all parts of the world, and they would still be expending far less money upon them than they are constantly gaining from them. Let us hear no more of the wretched cant—"Do Christian missions pay?"

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

—Religious liberality is not a modern invention. What later utterance surpasses this saying of old St. Ambrose, fifteen hundred years ago? "*Veritas, a quocumque dicatur, a Sancto Spiritu est*"—"Truth, by whomsoever spoken, is from the Holy Spirit."

—It must strike a Frenchman or German a little oddly to hear of a meeting in a public square in New York passing resolutions to the effect that the Mayor is "a traitor and a coward," that the Police Commissioners ought to be dismissed and punished, etc., etc. All which was done last week, in protest against the forcible dispersal of a gathering in Tompkins Square last winter. Having freed their minds, the resolvers went home, feeling better let us hope; and probably neither the Mayor nor anybody else slept the worse that night in consequence. No safety-valve like free speech.

—The *Methodist Recorder* gives some excellent advice about the treatment of ministers, and this good word about pastors' wives:

"*Let your pastor's wife alone.* Do not make her the subject of criticism. Find no fault if she does not work in the Sunday-school, or does not spend all her afternoons in visiting the families of the parish. Do not forget that she has household cares that are as important to her as yours are to you; that the interests of her family demand her presence at home, and that if these home-interests prevent her from doing work as a Sunday-school teacher, it is very unjust as well as unkind to sit in judgment against her. As to her visiting, she is not your pastor, but your pastor's help and companion. His interests, and the family interests, and the wife's personal interests are to govern the use of time, and not the exorbitant demands of the parish. Her duties are responsible and arduous. Visit her to cheer and comfort her, not to criticise her. And when she visits you treat her with such confidence and kindness as will secure for yourselves a place in her heart of hearts, and will bring down the blessings of heaven upon your own souls."

—The new biography of Chief-Justice Chase, by Mr. Schuckers, contains an anecdote that would be profitable reading for some of our public men. When Secretary of the Treasury, Jay Cooke bought for him three hundred shares of railway stock, which he agreed to take, expecting to pay for them by the sale of a farm. A few weeks later, Mr. Cooke wrote him that he had sold the stock at an advance of $4,200, and inclosed a check for that sum. Mr. Chase wrote courteously in reply, stating that the farm had not been sold, so that he had been unable to pay the original price of the stock; that he had not consented to the purchase with a view to a re-sale; that he could not accept Mr. Cooke's offer to regard the money paid by him for the stock as a temporary loan; and that he accordingly returned the check. He says that he had taken office with the resolution to avoid every act that might cause suspicion that he used his official powers to affect the markets for the private advantage of anybody. He concludes: "It is essential for me to *be* right as well as to *seem* right, and to *seem* right as well as to *be* right." It is such a sense of honor as this, a more delicate sentiment than a mere unwillingness to steal, that we need to have in all our public servants.

—What are we coming to? A contributor to the *Interior* exclaims, in view of the monstrous heresies of Professor Swing, Dr. Patterson, and such people:

"Take away Eternal Generation of the Son and Eternal Procession of the Spirit, and where is your ontological, pre-temporal ground for any 'threefold revelation of God in practical revelation?' There is no revelation unless it is a Sabellian and Modalistic revelation, or a Socinian revelation that anchors the distinctions of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, *not* to eternal immanent acts in God, but only to temporal and economical considerations."

This is terrible! No wonder that the very insurance agents are getting shy of a city where the foundations of everything are falling out in this fashion. We still look with some faint hope to the *Interior* to put down the incendiaries, and keep those "ontological, pre-temporal grounds" safe from harm.

—We are sorry to see that the *Central Baptist* (St. Louis) thinks that this paper "shows no special love for the Baptists." If it doesn't, its showing greatly wrongs its real sentiments. We hold our Baptist brethren in very high esteem, not only for what they have in common with all Christians, but for the fidelity to their convictions, the devotion to religious and civil liberty, and the achievements in pioneer missionary work, which have given such honorable distinction to their churches. We like them so much that we heartily wish they would get rid of the crotchet which leads a part of them—in conscientious obedience to what we consider a mistaken judgment—to separate from their fellow-Christians at the Table of the Lord, where above all other places unity ought to be manifest. Yet we retract that last expression. Unity even in the most sacred symbol of religion is of far less account than unity in its practical duties; and as long as our Baptist friends are among the foremost in faithful labors for the good of men we do not find it in our hearts to bear hardly on them for their close-communion scruple.

—The same journal heads its article "Denominational Suicide," and thinks that open-communion tends to that result so far as Baptists are concerned. We more than doubt that. But, however it be, we have often thought that the saying of Christ, "He that loseth his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall find it," has a special application to religious denominations. In proportion as a sect is zealous for its own external advancement, it is apt to lack in the higher grace of the Christian spirit. And those churches which with a noble self-forgetfulness seek not to make proselytes, but only to draw men to God, are apt to do the best work for the Master. Of course, this does not hold if any one sect has a monopoly of the truth or of God's grace—but that notion is itself the most pitiful or the most ludicrous of delusions, as one chooses to look at it.

—Those prudent or lucky fellows who have deferred their vacations until the summer heats were past now begin to reap their reward. The country is never lovelier than in September and October. The early autumn has a beauty as delicate and peculiar as the early spring. Long before the earliest frosts, the monotonous green of mid-summer begins to quicken with flushes of rich and tender color. Dashes of brilliant scarlet flame out here and there in the woods. Every marshy place becomes a carpet of gorgeous and shifting hues. The roadsides, except where barbarous Road Boards keep everything cropped down to a monotonous flatness, are lined with vines that climb in a thousand luxuriant and fantastic shapes. Buckwheat fields sprinkle the landscape with their snowy surfaces. The crickets chirp loud in every field; and as you walk, coveys of small birds rise with a whirr from before your feet. The autumn sunshine lies soft and mellow on the forest glades. Nature contradicts the fallacy that men love gloomily to repeat, that the richest enjoyment of life passes away with youth. In the later days comes the deep, full happiness, the treasure stored from ardent spring and fervid summer, that betokens the golden sunset of a good life—a sunset that in another world is a sunrise.

BENEFICENT BARBARISM.

PROBABLY no American lad who deserves the name ever grew up without an irrepressible desire to camp out. A generation or so ago there existed a prejudice in the average parental mind against indulging this tendency, but it was too often in vain. Boys, otherwise most exemplary, were known to spend nights of blissful wakefulness, wrapped in an abstracted blanket, on the roof of the piazza or woodshed, whichever happened to be most convenient to the bedroom window; and the few who really went off on full-grown camping expeditions were regarded by their comrades as heroes indeed.

Times have changed now. The boys who would have given their dearest possessions for the privilege of lying awake with excitement on the ground instead of sleeping comfortably in their beds have grown up, and a respectable number of them have not forgotten their early aspirations. Moreover, the contagion has spread. We hear of one college president, not unknown in the latitude of New Haven, who is at present camping in the North Woods; and, if we mistake not, another, equally well known at Cambridge, has not unfrequently done likewise, in company with sundry others of his compeers in that literary circle of which Boston is so justly proud. The current literature of the day, too, has caught the spirit of the time; tent-life receives an unwonted share of attention. Without pretending to give a complete list of authors, we recall essays touching this subject in prose or verse, by Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Hale, Holland and a host of other writers, anonymous and otherwise, in the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Atlantic*, *Old and New*, *Scribner*, and so forth, not to mention our own occasional contributions in the same direction.

And now the medical profession is placing itself right upon the record. Dr. Weir Mitchell, in a recent paper in *Lippincott's Magazine*, gives it as his opinion that the "camp cure" is an important element in our national conflict with nervous and other diseases. Even consumptives have been painfully carried into the spruce woods in early summer and have walked out by themselves, at the end of the season, apparently cured. An instance is known to us, of a young man whose case was considered well nigh hopeless a couple of years ago, who not only spent the summer in camp, but with the hesitating consent of his physician stayed on through the winter in the North Woods, serving as an amateur lumberman, and so establishing his health that when he returned to civilization his friends hardly knew the invalid of their acquaintance in the robust backwoodsman who claimed recognition. Of course, this is an exceptional case. Others have gone into the woods only to die. Others again have received no perceptible good. The question of expediency depends largely on individual temperament. There are many to whom the luxury of being without luxuries has no charm. To these, if they are invalids, camp life will probably be fatal, and if they are pleasure seekers it will be simply unendurable.

To those of us, however, who glory in temporarily laying aside the complexities of modern life during our brief vacations, there is something especially recuperative in genuine camping out. To be where the crash and roar of wheels is impossible; where the steam whistle is never heard; where one is indifferent to the close of banking hours; where sects, and gossip, and newspapers do not come, is happiness, indeed, and cannot but restore the equilibrium of those vital forces which are so apt to get out of balance in the rush of modern life. There is every indication, too, that the summer-life of the whole American people will be permanently affected by the turn things are taking. There is a modified form of open-air existence which is coming into favor, and which will eventually, we hope, border our sea-coast and lakes, and dot the sides of our mountain ranges, with cheap cottages, designed for habitation during the summer months, and furnished in such plain fashion that life shall be shorn of half its cares, merely through the simplification of its machinery. The Methodists have taught us how to do this. Their camp-meetings gradually developed from religious assemblages into summer resorts, tents gave way to cottages, families picnicked for the season instead of for a fortnight, and soon the non-Methodist world began to gain a foothold where the clergy had previously reigned supreme. This is especially the case at Martha's Vineyard, where a cottage-city has grown up around the old camp-meeting ground. The style of life to which we refer has there reached its highest development, but other villages of like character are appearing all over the land, nearly as far north as the Canada line and as far west as the Pacific coast.

Here in the city we have an effort already in the poor children's excursions, originated last year by the New York *Times*, to give the poorest classes a chance to see nature's horizon and breathe unadulterated air, and we trust that the time is not far distant when cheap barracks will be built near all our large cities for the benefit of those who now have no respite from dirt and noise and foulness, year in and year out. That the average moral and physical health of the nation will be permanently benefited by an occasional return to semi-civilization no one will doubt who has tried the "camp cure" and likes it. Let those who have tried it and do not like it fill the hotels and go their ways.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

1. *When the body dies, according to the teachings of chemistry, it is dissolved into the original gaseous elements from which it was composed. These gaseous elements, mingling with the atmosphere, are taken in, in various ways, by men and animals as food. Thus the body of a man now living, may, in the ages to come, form a part of the bodies of ten thousand men. At the resurrection, which of these men will get the body? If the common belief is true, must we not discard chemistry as false? If, on the other hand, we, as all reasonable men must, accept the teachings of chemistry, what becomes of the teachings of the Scriptures, where it is declared that the remains of all men will be gathered together, on the last day, even from the bottom of the sea?*

WE are reminded of a recent pronunciamento of an English bishop—the bishop of Lincoln, we believe—against cremation, on the ground that it might interfere with the resurrection of the body. Somebody pertinently inquired: What about the martyrs who were burned at the stake? Our correspondent's difficulty—which is no new one—is less patently absurd than the bishop's, but springs from the same class of grossly materialistic notions which have been fastened upon the simple and sublime teachings of the Bible. The Scriptures do not teach that the same material particles which are laid in the grave will ever reclothe the spirit. The passages upon which such a meaning has been forced only set forth in a vivid and figurative way the great truth of a personal immortality, in which the earthly body shall give place to some glorious investiture whose exact nature is not, perhaps could not be, revealed. The fullest teaching on the subject is given by Paul in a noble passage, 1 Corinthians xv: 35-58. There he expressly declares, in reply to too curious questioning about the external forms of the future life, that they differ as widely from earthly conditions as the waving wheat differs from the bare kernels dropped by the sower. The earthly investiture is as much inferior to the heavenly as "corruption," "dishonor," "weakness" are below "incorruption," "glory," "power." That, and no more, is revealed.

2. *If a person wishes to get a short story published in a magazine or paper, how is he to go about it? It is not up to the standard of the stories in the "C. U.," but is considered worthy of print by one who is a judge. We suppose all periodicals have their regular contributors and do not wish an ordinary acquisition. Is such the case?*

Send your article to the editor of any journal to which you aspire (inclosing an envelope addressed to yourself, prepaid in full, if you want it sent back in case of rejection). Any editor who understands his business is glad to get good contributions from any quarter, new or old. No one who has good work to offer need ever be apprehensive of rejection because he is unknown.

3. *My husband is an orthodox minister. I found in his library and read with interest Theodore Parker's sermons on Theism. In those sermons are allusions to the Infinite God and also to "The Infinite Mother." Will you be so good as to tell me what Theodore Parker meant by "The Infinite Mother"?*

We suppose Mr. Parker meant to say that the tenderness of God to his children was not only like that of a Father, but like that of a Mother also—a very beautiful idea found in some sort in the Old Testament.

4. *Where is there a house of correction or anything of the sort for unmanageable girls?*

We have heard the Juvenile Asylum in New York city highly spoken of.

5. *A young wife with a very meager education feels unable to occupy her place with her husband, who is a rising teacher. Will you recommend a course of reading that will as far as may be supply what the needed education would have made possible?*

Not knowing her we cannot advise definitely. Her husband would be her best guide. Her own tastes and capacities must be considered. Does she like history, or physical science, or poetry, or biography, or fiction? Let her read the very *best* in the department which she likes.

The Sunday-School.

The stranger in New York who on a hot Sunday found the doors of all the five churches he went to locked, could have done no better than continue on his way and visit the Five Points missions down town. These are always open. It seems necessary to add that it is quite safe getting to them, as persons now and then inquire if they must not have the escort of a policeman. The Five Points is passing through a transformation, thanks not least of all to the missions themselves. How many children have they reclaimed! Of how many families have they been the salvation! Improvements and trade are also doing their work. In front of the House of Industry there will be, before long, a little park, a mere glimpse of green in a neighborhood of crowded tenements. Old dens of thieves are gradually becoming business blocks. But what has become of the thieves? If Five Points is invaded by order and righteousness, have not Five Pointers concentrated elsewhere? Not in any one notorious locality. New York happily will not see another such a place as Five Points used to be—the city's cess-pool of humanity. That the missions have improved our degraded population cannot be questioned; and they do more and more to check vice. The Five Points House is worth a visit any time. Sunday afternoons at three o'clock a singing exercise is held for the public, when a good opportunity is offered of seeing children who otherwise would have been running the streets in rags and learning all the arts that lead to the State's prison. The mission opposite and the Howard Home for Little Wanderers a few blocks east are also to be mentioned. One only realizes the importance of mission work when institutions like these are examined; have we enough of them in our larger cities where the typical Five Pointer lives and multiplies?

Colonel S. S. Fisher, of Cincinnati, who was recently drowned with his son in the Susquehanna River, leaves a fragrant memory for many a Sunday-school scholar. A prominent lawyer and public man, he never forgot that he was an humble servant in his Master's vineyard, and he gave himself up heartily to good deeds. In the Sunday-school cause he was enthusiastic, teaching a colored mission when he was Commissioner of Patents at Washington, and taking an interest in the young wherever he was. The call is urgent for more such laymen.

"We know of a pastor," writes Rev. W. F. Crafts, "who greatly increases his influence over the younger members of his Sunday-school by having a tea-party at his home for them at least twice a year. A few months ago a hundred, under fifteen years of age, gathered in his parsonage. After a half-hour of play in the yard they came into the dining-room for a lunch, and then filled his large study, sitting on the carpet as well as chairs. After half-a-dozen charming stories, and looking at a large collection of pictures, he closed the party with singing a hymn, talking a few minutes about right living, and praying in simple and earnest words." All pastors, we know, cannot give tea-parties; very few keep pictures; but is there any American minister so lacking in inventive genius that, though he have nothing, he cannot contrive to win the children over to him?

The hearty manner in which Rev. J. M. Gregory in the *Advance* comes to the support of the Sunday-school of to-day is as justifiable as his observations are reasonable. "The continued existence of the school and its growth, he writes, are the genuine and legitimate product of the age itself. The assumption that the Sunday-school is but the make-shift device of some pious enthusiast, to supply the lack of parental or priestly instruction, is no more true or logical than that other too timid cry, that the Sunday-school is crowding out and displacing family religious training. I appeal to my own observation and that of a great majority of you all. A sort of dry learning of the catechism, and an equally dry and forced Sunday reading of the Bible may have yielded its place not to the Sunday-school, but to the influence which has driven catechism-preaching from the pulpits as well. The Sunday-school has both stimulated and systematized family religious instruction, introducing it into many families where it did not exist, and only changing its form and direction in the families where it already was. The lesson paper, the question book, the periodicals, the Sunday-school libraries are certainly as attractive, and usually far more effective instru ments of religious instruction than the old catechism; and the regular weekly Bible lesson studied under the inspiring counsels of a beloved teacher, and in the companionship of many schoolmates, is quite as fruitful as the hour of enforced Sunday reading which some of us remember. And if it be true that Christian parents give less attention than formerly to the religious training of their children, the fault is with their piety, and with the preaching of which it is the product. But neither the piety nor the pulpit of the day is fairly open to this serious charge. Memory is often at fault when too fondly recalling the virtues of our fathers, and the scenes of our youth, and I seriously doubt the clearness of recollection of those who make this complaint against the influence of the Sunday-school."

LIFE OR DEATH.

DOTH Life survive the touch of Death?
Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which, as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,
Confirms the hope to which we cling;
But still we grasp at anything,
And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we know
Hover around us while we pray,
Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
We only wish it may be true.

I know a stoic who has thought,
As healthy blood flows through his veins,
And joy his present life sustains,
And all this good has come unsought,

For more he cannot rightly pray;
Life may extend, or life may cease;
He bides the issue, sure of peace,
Sure of the best in God's own way.

Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of his plan.

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
I dare to think I have in me
That which had better never be,
If lost before it can increase.

And, oh! the ruined piles of mind,
Daily discovered everywhere.
Built but to crumble in despair?—
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
Quick human hearts instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out towards eternity.

Wherefore I welcome Nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

—*E. B. in Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY DAYS.

No. XVI.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

IN spite of the popular indifference to the subject of slavery, and the virulent prejudice against the negro, the circumstances of the time were in some respects favorable to the growth of the cause which the New England Anti-Slavery Society represented. In the first place, the period was one of great intellectual activity. The press within a few years had greatly augmented its influence, and was generally recognized as one of the chief instrumentalities for the promotion of every good cause. The habit of reading newspapers was fast becoming universal. Lyceums and debating societies were numerous. The wisdom and necessity of free discussion on all subjects was generally recognized, and there was among the people a vague expectation of great changes about to take place through this and other means. It was also a period of great religious activity. Revivals prevailed in every part of the country; Sunday schools were being rapidly extended; great efforts were made by the churches to increase the number of ministers; missionary societies, both home and foreign, Bible societies, tract societies, education societies, abounded; and the expectation was indulged by enthusiasts in the different religious denominations that the world was speedily to be converted to Christ. The anti-Masonic excitement pervaded the land. The temperance movement was strong, and had trained multitudes to think and act for themselves on questions of reform. The people of New England, moreover, had great respect for organized movements in behalf of religion and morals; and when the anti-slavery cause, which had before been as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," was seen to be represented by a *Society*, multitudes who had been indifferent began to see that the subject was one that demanded serious consideration, and that could no longer be pushed aside. The spirit of inquiry was abroad in the land, and there was an increasing desire to hear what the "fanatics" had to say. Multitudes of young men, whom the revivals had brought into the church, were ready, in the freshness of their consecration to Christ, to inquire whether there was not something for them to do to deliver the two millions of American slaves from bondage. How, they asked themselves, would the world be converted to Christ unless slavery were abolished?

It was in such circumstances as these that the New England Anti-slavery Society was born. As I have said, its officers and members were for the most part poor in purse and limited in influence; but they set about their work with an energy and a courage that made them invincible. If they had known how hard was to be their task, what buffetings were to be endured, what reproaches would be heaped upon their heads, would they have enlisted in the cause? We know not; but we *do* know that nothing which they saw availed to turn them from their purpose, and that they found new courage as the conflict, from time to time, made new demands upon them.

The records of the society are not before me, but I am able, from the pages of the *Liberator* and from my own recollection, to show the beginning and progress of its work. The constitution provided for monthly meetings of the society, which were held in small halls in different parts of the city—generally either in Franklin Hall, in Franklin street, or in the Cowper Committee Room, No. 11 Cornhill. At these meetings there was sometimes a formal lecture by some friend of the cause, but generally they were devoted to business or extemporaneous discussion. The audiences were usually small, but the discussions were of absorbing interest to those who attended. Some of those who afterwards did the cause good service took their first lessons in public speaking in these meetings.

One of the first acts of the Board of Managers was the appointment of our Quaker President, Arnold Buffum, as a lecturing agent. He was familiar with the subject in all its bearings, and was a ready and very impressive speaker. He had but recently returned from England, where he had attended many anti-slavery meetings, and made acquaintance with Clarkson, Wilberforce, O'Connell, Brougham, Lushington, Cropper, Macaulay (father of the poet and historian), and other eminent champions of emancipation. His head was gray, but he had much of the fire and energy of youth. He was devoted, heart and soul, to the cause, and his labors in its behalf were both abundant and successful. His Quaker dress and address gave him access to many places from which one not a Friend would have deen excluded. It was considered appropriate and becoming in a Quaker to be an Abolitionist. His letters to the *Liberator*, giving an account of his experiences as a lecturer, are marked not only by a warm zeal, but by sound sense. He everywhere challenged opponents to discussion. He knew how to answer wisely and convincingly all the popular objections to the cause. He was familiar, especially, with the history of the Colonization scheme, and he knew how to expose the specious pretenses by which it had perverted whatever there was of anti-slavery feeling and sentiment at the North. His first appearance as the champion of the Anti-Slavery Society was in the Essex Street Congregational Church. If I remember aright, this church was at that time destitute of a pastor, and Robert B. Hall, one of the Councillors of our Society, being a member of the church and well known as a zealous Christian and theological student, succeeded in gaining, for Mr. Buffum first, and afterwards for himself, admission to the pulpit, to present the claims of the cause. Of Mr. Buffum's lecture the *Liberator* of Feb. 18, 1832, said:

"The audience was auspiciously numerous, giving substantial evidence of the growing interest which is felt in the community on this momentous subject. We cannot speak of the address but in terms of strong panegyric. It was an admirable exhibition of Christian love and philanthropy, eminently calculated to enlighten the understanding, to affect the heart, to subdue prejudice, to induce conviction, to remove doubt, and to multiply and unite the friends of bleeding humanity. More attentive listeners we never saw. Every word was eagerly received and seemed to tell with resistless effect."

The Colonization Society took the alarm, and sent to Massachusetts the Rev. Joshua N. Danforth, to do whatever he could to resist the progress of the anti-slavery movement. The Board of Managers of the Anti-Slavery Society at once challenged him to a public discussion. In doing so they said:

"We ask the public mind, we ask patriots, philanthropists, and Christians to make a solemn pause, and to reconsider the subject of African Colonization. If the American Colonization Society is built upon that basis of virtue and philanthropy which it professes, it will rejoice that its cause, its motives, and its operations are about to be made a subject of public inquiry. But if, on the contrary, the agents of that Society have been preaching one doctrine and holding up one motive to the free States, and one directly opposite in the slave States, in order to touch the feelings and the interest of those whom they addressed, and thus to obtain money to enable them to carry on an unholy crusade against one-sixth part of the people of this boasted land of freedom and equal rights, then they will raise the cry of fanaticism against us, or, assuming a more dignified aspect, will wrap themselves up in the popularity they have so successfully established and decline a discussion with us."

Franklin Hall was procured by the Anti-Slavery Society and kept open at its expense for four evenings for the proposed discussion. Mr. Danforth was too wary to expose himself to the fire of the sturdy old Quaker's artillery (if I may be allowed to employ so warlike a figure). Some minor advocates of Colonization did indeed attempt to defend the scheme; but their efforts only served to remind us of the old farmer in the Vermont Legislature, who, rising to reply to the frothy declamation of a small "limb of the law," said: "Mr. Speaker, I would like to reply to that are gentleman's speech, but it wrenches a feller so to kick at nothin', that I b'lieve I won't."

Mr. Buffum visited Worcester, New Bedford, Fall River, Taunton, Northampton, Springfield, and many other places in Massachusetts, and generally succeeded in obtaining a fair hearing. Sometimes he was greeted by large audiences. Everywhere he found the opposition to the cause entrenched behind the Colonization Society as a rampart, and hence he had no alternative but to expose its character and pretentions. The agents of the Society always presented it as the only remedy for slavery, which they said was indeed an evil, but one that it was not safe to abolish at once. They carefully concealed the fact that the scheme originated among slaveholders, by whom it was supported as affording protection to slavery by ridding them of the *free* colored population! All Mr. Buffum's efforts to draw Mr. Danforth into a discussion of the subject were vain. In Northampton he did indeed attend one of Mr. Buffum's lectures, and, in response to his courteous invitation to defend the Colonization scheme, sneered at him as "nothing but a hatter!" at Mr. Garrison as one who had had a reward offered for his head (alluding to the action of the Georgia Senate referred to in a former number)! and at the other officers of the Anti-slavery Society as too insignificant for notice! He contrasted with their littleness the greatness of the officers of the Colonization Society. Mr. Buffum reminded him that this was not the first instance of men of little distinction among the worldly great taking the lead in benevolent enterprises; that there was a story in an old-fashioned book of twelve poor, illiterate fishermen taking quite an active part in an object of high importance. He also reminded him that if the Abolitionists were disposed to rest the merits of their cause upon the names of its advocates and supporters, they might not fall much behind the Colonization Society in this respect, for they might mention the names of Brougham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Cropper, Allen, O'Connell, and many more of equal distinction in England. But it was usually among the lowly, the humble and the obscure that the salt of the earth was found. Mr. Danforth had sneered at him as "a hatter," but he had read in the old-fashioned book before alluded to of one who was despised and rejected of men, hissed at, spit upon, and called a carpenter, or the son of a carpenter; but who yet was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world! He might have added that Benjamin Franklin was a printer, Roger Sherman a shoemaker, and John Bunyan a tinker; and yet they had all done the world some service, and their names were not likely to be very soon forgotten.

The truth of history requires it to be said, that the Quakers of New England, as a body, instead of welcoming the anti-slavery movement and giving it encouragement, set themselves firmly but insidiously against it, generally refusing to open their meeting-houses for anti-slavery lectures, preventing their members as far as possible from uniting with the Anti-Slavery Society, and sometimes disowning those who were independent enough to coöperate with the Abolitionists. Mr. Buffum, though he was a birthright member of the Society, and bore a name honored in its annals, was subjected to a petty and shameful persecution, and finally excommunicated from the body. Of course, the real cause of his disownment was disguised under a false pretense of some sort, since the open declaration that a member was expelled for being an Abolitionist would not look well upon the record.

Soon after the Society was formed, an effort was made to induce some grocer in Boston to keep a supply of the products, in his line, of free labor. Mr. Garrison and several others felt an interest in this subject, and hoped that, eventually, a dry goods store, on the same principle, might also be established in Boston. The doctrine that, in buying the products of slaves labor, we made ourselves responsible for the oppression of the slaves, though urged upon plausible grounds, and accepted by some very sincere and conscientious persons, especially among the Quakers, was not accepted by Abolitionists generally, and Mr. Garrison, after urging it for some years, became convinced at length that it was a fallacy. I remember that William J. Snelling, who wrote the preamble of our Constitution, was one of those who attached importance to the question of *free goods*, but was not conscientious on the subject of liquor-selling, nor, for that matter, on the subject of liquor-drinking. He found a grocer who was willing to procure and keep free groceries, if the Abolitionists would consent to patronize him; but when it was ascertained that this grocer was a liquor-seller, his proposition, though very earnestly supported by Mr. Snelling, was declined by an almost unanimous vote. And that was the first and last attempt, so far as I know, to establish a free-labor store in Boston. The measure was more successful in Philadelphia, where a very large proportion of the Abolitionists were Quakers; and in New York also, where the disciples of Fox were quite numerous. But even in these places it was not generally adopted by the friends of the anti-slavery cause.

The Society, at a very early day, appointed a committee of five persons to receive applications from the parents or guardians of colored lads wishing to learn trades in the city or vicinity, and to aid them in finding places. The Society also pledged itself to aid in finding employment for colored persons of good character. How much was accomplished in this direction I am unable to say; but no doubt something was done by the committee, though the obstacles they encountered must have been very great. I well remember the astonishment that was expressed when Garrison and Knapp took a colored apprentice. That a negro could become a successful printer was thought to be an

absurd idea. The black man was supposed to be fit only for the coarsest occupations! There were multitudes who argued that Garrison's attempt to teach a "nigger" the art of printing was a proof either of fanaticism or lunacy.

The Church.

HOME.

Danville, Ky., Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), which has been closed for some two years, is to open again this fall with a full corps of professors and about fifteen students. The seminaries everywhere appear to be hopeful of large classes this year.

According to the *Church Journal*, the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts is in need of more working clergymen, and there never was a time when able and devoted men could more hopefully enter upon posts of duty there. The rectorships of a large number of important parishes are vacant, including those of Christ and St. Peter's churches at Cambridge.

The death is announced of the venerable Bishop Thomas A. Morris, of the Methodist Church. He died at Springfield, Ohio, aged eighty. For some time previous he had been in broken health and had retired from the active labors of the episcopacy. The Bishop was widely known, and in his days of active usefulness was a power in the Church. His birth-place was in Kanawha Co., West Virginia.

That the students in the freedmen institutions are disposed to improve their opportunities is abundantly shown from the work done last year by Fiske University pupils during their summer vacation. They have probably done as well this year. One hundred and thirteen taught school, principally in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas, earning salaries amounting in the total to about twenty-five thousand dollars. They taught something like ten thousand scholars in day-schools and seven thousand in the Sunday-schools.

According to the San Francisco papers, a congregation is to be organized in that city for Rev. Dr. Carpenter, who went there from Brooklyn some years ago, we believe, the main points of whose platform are that "the Society shall not be identified with any other sect or denomination, nor be so represented or regarded; and while each individual shall be at liberty to retain his own religious opinions, the minister in charge will be left entirely untrammelled in his pulpit utterances." It is explained that this is a temporary movement, and that the ecclesiastical connection of the congregation will be determined in the future.

Beneficiary aid to young men of limited means has very seldom, if ever, been allowed by educational institutions to others than those who intended studying for the ministry. The trustees of the Chicago University (Baptist) now propose to enlarge the scope of such aid by allowing it to students preparing for other professions or for any sphere of active life. As the Baptists are raising a grand educational fund, the Chicago portion of them have taken up this new idea, and will devote their subscriptions (fifty thousand dollars are asked) "to render tuition in the University free to all deserving young men and women who are without the means to pay the expense thereof, without respect to class, sect, or religious opinion."

A judge in Washington Territory has just been ordained as pastor of the Olympia Baptist Church, his association being every way satisfied with his religious experience and views. His story deeply interested the council. Having once been a member of the Congregational Church in Windsor, Vt., his convictions subsequently changed, and when, in 1871, "the scattered Baptist churches of Puget Sound met to form an association, the judge came down from his bench and requested to be buried with Christ in baptism." Since that time he has preached wherever his circuit courts met, done the work of an evangelist, built up a church in Olympia, and now proposes to serve both law and Gospel, carrying his Christian influence everywhere. Judge Green is respected throughout the territory as an upright and sound jurist.

As far as completed, the programme laid out for the National Congregational Council, to meet at New Haven, September 30, includes the reading of papers by Rev. Dr. Eddy, of Michigan, on the occasions of hope for the immediate general effusion of the Holy Spirit; by Dr. Dwinell, of California, on the fellowship of the churches; by Dr. Clark, of Boston, on our foreign missionary churches; by Dr. Coe, of New York, upon Christian comity between denominations in the home field; by Rev. C. L. Goodell, of Missouri, on the mutual aspects of our benevolent agencies; by President Smith, of Dartmouth, on the spiritual state of our colleges; by Hon. H. P. Haven, of New London, upon Sunday-schools, city missions, etc; by Rev. Mr. Murray, of Boston, upon pulpit effectiveness among the multitude; by Rev. Mr. Beard, of Syracuse, upon the latent power in churches and individuals; and by President Fairchild, of Oberlin, upon the character essential to the religion which will take hold of the American people. A previously appointed Committee will report on the consolidation of the benevolent societies. Opening sermon by Dr. R. S. Storrs. The local Committee at New Haven will arrange for the entertainment of delegates.

Up in the Red River country of Lower Canada the settlers are represented to be wide-awake in church matters. From the *Presbyterian Witness* it appears that the population of Manitoba consists of three elements—the original settlers from Scotland, the English and French half-breeds who came down from the North-west, and emigrants from the older provinces, all of which are represented. About 8,000 have gone in since 1869, the majority of whom are Presbyterians. There are two or three self-sustaining Presbyterian congregations. These are noted for their great zeal and liberality. For example, that of Winnipeg, organized only two years ago, gives its minister a salary of $2,000, and has subscribed $3,000 to the college building fund. Last year it raised $2,300 for religious purposes. But the great work the church is doing is more of a strictly missionary character. The older missionary fields, which are peopled by immigrants and half-breeds, afford a fine illustration of the adaptation of the Gospel to all classes. The more recent missionary fields are composed almost entirely of persons who have just immigrated. Settlements of only two or three years' standing and consisting of a population of from sixty to one hundred, are offering in some cases $300 for a supply of preaching. With much self-denial, the ministers of the province are doing what they can to supply this great field, which is white for the harvest.

Fraternal relationship between the Methodists North and South has lately been discussed by some of their journals, and opposite opinions have been drawn out; but the agitation of the matter has done good so far as to show just where the difficulties between the two branches of the Church lie. One of the latest articles on the subject appears in the form of a letter from Rev. Dr. Rosser, a leading Southern Methodist, to the *Methodist* of New York. Its tone is excellent: "Was I not right, then, when I said last Fall, in response to the cordial greeting of the preachers in Philadelphia, New York, and Providence, that fraternity was at hand, and 're-union desirable and possible'? You have stretched out your hand to us. We will grasp it. But fraternal relations are not enough. There is no place for the two separate and independent churches on the same ground. There is no place for the two churches at the South, for *we* are here. There is no place for the two churches at the North, for *you* are there. That is, our work is one and indivisible now. Disprove that. Persons familiar with the mission of Methodism, and the history of the Separation, and observant of the uncontrollable forces in motion on all sides, can but exult in the august prospect, with no apprehension that the kingdom of God can ever become too great, or break down under its own weight or magnitude. Mine the prayer, that ere long we may be one in name, with the same Articles of Religion, the same General Rules, the same General Conference, the same Bishops, the same Ritual, the same Hymn-Book, the same Press, the same Publishing-Houses, the same Missions, the same work and the same fortunes, to the end of time, 'through all ages, world without end. Amen.

It is not from the locust-scourged farms only but from the missionary churches as well that the piteous appeal comes for help. The devastation has been right across a section of Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, thickset with these churches, and unless they are helped many of them must be crushed. We are told that the people whose fields have been completely desolated cannot meet their pledges to the missionaries, and that, consequently, according to one view, the Home Missionary Society must either "withdraw its missionaries and abandon the churches in their sore distress, when they most need the gospel; or assume their entire support, till the calamity is past." This involves the question whether the Society shall contract a heavy debt to meet the emergency. The same sad picture is presented from another source—Bishop Vail, of Kansas, also appealing for the young Episcopal churches under his charge. His people's means are destroyed, he says, and he asks: "Shall our missionaries be recalled? Shall our little churches be shut up? In this day of their sorrow shall the preacher of consolation in Christ be withdrawn? We shall need hundreds and thousands of dollars more, through this year now upon us, than in any ordinary times—to fill up the diminished stipends of our self-denying clergy, to build our churches and to sustain our institutions. Our parishes, whose resources are gone, must be aided through such a great providential disaster as this; and funds contributed for the building of churches will not only do the direct good of providing houses of prayer for needy worshipers, but will do also the great indirect good of furnishing employment to many, thus enabling them, in an honorable and manly way, to help their dependent families and themselves. I want money immediately, and all through this year, for these objects. Will our brethren consider our needs? Will the bishops and the clergy and the laity of our churches at the East come to our help?"

Personal Notes.—Rev. H. H. Spaulding, the veteran missionary among the Indians, died at Lapwai, Idaho, August 3, in the seventieth year of his age. He will be remembered as the companion of Rev. Dr. Whitman, who was subsequently massacred by the Nez Perces. Both went out together, and were the first missionaries to cross the continent overland. Mr. Spaulding originally represented the American Board in that region, but at the time of his death was a missionary of the Presbyterian Board. He did a great work among the Indians, receiving no less than nine hundred Nez Perces and Spokans as converts into the Church in the past three years. He had given to these people a translation of the book of Matthew and a small collection of hymns.—Miss Catharine L. Wolfe of this city has, with large-hearted liberality, undertaken to build the tower of St. Paul's American Episcopal Church, Rome, which it is estimated will cost $7,000.—Thirty newly appointed Baptist missionaries will soon sail for their several Asiatic fields of labor, in Assam, Burmah, etc. This large reinforcement will increase the expenses of the Baptist Missionary Union over twenty-five thousand dollars.—Not an American but an English Bishop is expected to preach the opening sermon before the approaching Episcopal General Convention in this city. It is the Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Selwyn.—The Crown Point, N. Y., Iron Co., offer to pay half the salary of a minister at Irondale.—Bishop Cheney has lately been in Ottawa, Canada, preaching and administering the rite of confirmation to clergymen of the Reformed Episcopal Church. A church building for this denomination is going up in that city, the corner-stone of which is to be laid by Bishop Cummins. The new prayer-book of the Reformed Church has just been issued for general use by its congregations, which though few at present are enthusiastic and hopeful.—The President of Adrian College, Michigan, has received a letter with a check for $1,200, which the writer says was due to the College and which his conscience obliged him to surrender.

FOREIGN.

Bishop Wordsworth's refusal to permit a Methodist preacher to put the title "Rev." before his name on his child's tombstone, in a Church of England graveyard, has brought out volumes of comment from all sides, not to speak of the natural indignation of the Methodists in particular. The Bishop holds that "Rev." is a *legal* designation, belonging exclusively to clergymen in the holy orders of the English Church, but according to the *Nonconformist*, there seems to be no evidence that "Reverend" is a legal title at all. It refers to an authoritative letter in the *Times*, showing decisively that the ordinary title of a B. A. clergyman at the time of the Reformation was *Dominus* or "Sir." For an M. A. it was "Master." And it was only after the civil war that the designation of reverend, at first given as a term of respect, became a formal official appellative. The Bishop of Lincoln, then, who speaks so confidently of "the laws" which he is compelled to obey, is going beyond the truth when he implies that Reverend is the legal title of an Anglican clergyman. It rests on custom only, and a custom which has varied several times since the Reformation. For anything that appears in the "laws" that govern the Church of England this title may be assumed with equal validity, the validity of established custom, by the accredited minister of any church; and the practice of the Queen's Government has for a long time sanctioned that wider application of the term in communications from officers of State.

Now that the Public Worship Regulation Bill has been so triumphantly carried in Parliament, that body might reasonably proceed with its ecclesiastical legislation to the extent of doing away with many little abuses which exist only perforce of being immemorial customs. There is the law requiring everybody in some districts to pay for the support of local vicars, which, on this side, would seem to be an infringement of the rights of religious worship. A case in point is that of Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, brother of the London preacher, who lives in the same village with Rev. Mr. Hodgson, the Episcopal rector. The latter insists that the Baptist dissenter shall help support him, according to law, under penalty of having his goods seized. The latter refusing to do any such thing, the rector had an officer take a valuable clock from the dissenting preacher's house, to be sold at auction for his benefit. Mr. Spurgeon could not resist the law, and his clock, a wedding present, was confiscated; but this is what he says on the subject: "If it is necessary for our vicar's personal comfort and the edification of our township that my goods should be disposed of by law, I will utter no unnecessary complaints. The chief priest of the Established Church of our Lord's day demanded his life; the chief priest of the parish in my day only takes my goods. I were a poor follower of Christ to cry out very loudly when I remember his silence. I must, however, protest against this being done with the sanction of his name; and I challenge my Episcopalian brother to point out to me one word of our Lord's or of his disciples' which will justify him in seizing my goods to maintain himself as a servant and preacher of the truth. I am anxious not to impart any unnecessary personalities or unchristian feeling into the case, as I believe the vicar to be as conscientious in his asserting as I am in the challenging of the Scripturalness of his position; and there is

surely sin and sorrow, ignorance and poverty enough in Croydon to fill both our hands with work, without flying at each other's throats as if we were not followers of a common Lord."

The Week.

[*From Tuesday, Sept.* 1, *to Monday, Sept.* 7.]

Philadelphia celebrated on Saturday the one hundredth anniversary of the first American Congress. The exercises took place in the "Hall of Carpenters," where the first Continental Congress was organized, with Peyton Randolph, Esq., of Virginia, as Chairman, on September 5th, 1774. The commemorative exercises were appropriate and unostentatious, simply recalling the events of the first memorable meeting, and sketching the character of those who participated therein.

A pitiable case of destitution has lately come to light among the barristers of the Inner Temple in London. A member of that famous guild of lawyers was some time ago detected in stealing books from the Temple Library, and during the inquiry it came out that he had not only taken and sold the books to keep himself from starving, but had applied part of the proceeds of his sales to the relief of a fellow-barrister (since dead) who was in like circumstances. The criminal, for such he doubtless was, stood trial before the Central Criminal Court, was convicted and sentenced to six months' hard labor. His case, however, excited so much sympathy in the profession that public subscriptions to the amount of some £600 were received and handed over to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment, as some compensation for the sentence of disbarment which was passed upon him in addition to the criminal punishment. Moreover, a permanent fund has been established for the relief of similar cases which may hereafter arise.

English celebrities are not as yet announced for the coming winter in such numbers as was the case last year, but there is at least one on his way who deserves a hearty welcome—Mr. William E. Forster. To him, next to John Bright, perhaps, is due the preservation of peace between England and America, during some of our fallings out, during the past ten years. He even stood the test of the Indirect Claims business, making the only moderate speech which was heard in Parliament during that exciting phase of the Alabama negotiation. Mr. Forster is not an aristocrat, in the English sense of the term, and consequently the eminence which he has attained is all the more to his credit. He is, or was born, a Quaker, and made money enough as a worsted factor to stand the expense of an election to the House of Commons. As a parliamentarian his rise was rapid, and during Mr. Gladstone's ministry he became a member of the Cabinet, being recognized as one of its wisest counselors. The passage of the bills reforming the ballot and the school system are the most important of those whose adoption he has brought about. It is understood that he has timed his visit so as to see our schools just after they are settled into shape after the long vacation.

Theorists have hitherto supposed that the Pacific Ocean was provided like the Atlantic with what has been termed a "telegraphic plateau," but reports from the United States Survey steamer *Tuscarora* show that the laying down of a Pacific cable is not so simple a matter as was hoped. The first route on which soundings were attempted was the great circle route from Cape Blanco, near Yeddo, to Cape Flattery. Everything went favorably for about four hundred miles, when suddenly the sounding apparatus indicated an abrupt increase of depth, and over five miles of wire were paid out without touching bottom. At this point the wire parted, so that the actual depth was not ascertained. Another attempt was made to sound a route farther to the North, but this too proved to be impracticable, so a third line was tried nearly parallel and comparatively near to the Japanese coast. This is now under survey, and has thus far proved practicable. The intention is to sound in a North-easterly direction to the westernmost of the Aleutian Islands, a distance of some two thousand miles. Thence to the coast of the mainland the ocean floor is believed to be reasonably level.

It seems that we are not done with the Icelanders for another thousand years, as we have been led to expect. They have suddenly turned up in the rôle of immigrants, and purpose doing us a good turn in regard to Alaska. Some four or five hundred Icelanders have already, it seems, emigrated to Canada and the Northern United States, but they find these latitudes too near the equator, and pine for the more congenial climate of our late purchase. They have petitioned the President for aid in establishing a colony on the coast, which they think will serve as a nucleus for a considerable Icelandic settlement. According to Lieutenant Dall, the country is capable of development, if anyone can be persuaded to live there. The Icelanders are precisely the element wanted to make this portion of our territory useful. They are good fishermen, brave hunters, and industrious and skillful stock breeders. As compared with Iceland, Alaska is a mine of wealth, and if this new invasion of the Vikings can be suitably encouraged, we may realize some portion of the interest on the eight millions that we disbursed for our Arctic possessions.

Beyond a doubt our American postal service is in certain respects superior to any other on the face of the globe, but in certain other respects, such, for instance, as swiftness and certainty of delivery, we may without loss of self-respect admit that we are outdone by several European nations, and particularly by Great Britain. To be sure, our territory is something like thirty times as large as hers, and the way in which our population is scattered over the surface may well dismay the post-office authorities. But so far as concerns the larger cities and the more populous districts, we can do no better than to seek instruction, with such humility as we are capable of assuming for the nonce, from the English Department. This, we are glad to learn, our new Postmaster-General, Mr. Jewell, late Minister to Russia, has done. And more than this, he has, while on his way home, studied the systems of other great post-offices, so far as opportunity offered. From a man of his known energy we may expect some efficient reforms, although we can hardly expect with our vast distances and sparse population to attain the perfection of the best foreign services. Mr. Jewell has an elaborate report from the British Post Office as a point of departure for his guidance. This would seem to indicate that in Great Britain the limit of development has been reached in certain directions. The increase of letters, for instance, is under five per cent. while the use of postal cards has fallen off in about the same proportion. This fact is construed as an argument against a farther reduction of letter postage. If such a reduction would increase the number of letters, it is held to be evident that it would not increase the revenue, which is a serious objection. If this conclusion is correct it would certainly seem that a farther reduction of our own letter rate is quite out of the question.

"Courts of Honor" were officially revived in the Prussian army some time ago, and have been in operation with alleged advantages to the service ever since. We gave some account of these tribunals at the time of their establishment, but their organization has since been perfected, and a royal order just published in Berlin defines their office with some important additions. The order enjoins upon officers dignified and polite behavior toward one another and toward civilians, requires them to abstain from games of chance, and from speculative operations on the Stock Exchange, admonishes them to remember that neither luxury nor material welfare are the objects of their profession, and advises them to avoid giving their word of honor too easily, but having once given it to observe it sacredly. An officer feeling himself aggrieved has an opportunity for redress before a Court of Honor, and, as a last resort, the practice of dueling is formally permitted, and in some cases enjoined. All challenges must, however, be submitted to a Court, which is bound to consider the circumstances and decide whether a duel is or is not necessary. Severe penalties are prescribed for wanton attacks upon another's honor, and duels are not to be permitted on trivial questions, "for," says the stern old Emperor, "I will no more tolerate in my army an officer who wantonly attacks the honor of a comrade, than one who does not know how to defend his own. Under restrictions like these it is not likely that the traditional swaggering bully of a duelist will be developed, and if he should break out in an individual instance, a Court of Honor would very promptly extinguish him. To see steady-going Prussia lead off in an official recognition of the duello is somewhat startling to the conservative civilian mind, but we may at least take warning. The organization of a satisfactory Court of Honor would, perhaps, be difficult in this enlightened republic, but a chance, be it ever so remote, of being shot in a perfectly lawful and respectable duel with deadly weapons would place a not unwholesome restraint upon the tongues and pens of a conspicuous class of our fellow-citizens.

Judging from the bolting which took place at the Vermont election on Tuesday, there is every reason to hope that this inalienable right of the American elector will be liberally exercised elsewhere during the autumn. Of course, the result in the State at large is in favor of the Republicans, but with considerable variation from the majorities of previous years. In the Second Congressional District there was no choice, to the astonishment of every one, and especially of Judge Poland who was chosen two years ago by a majority of about 5,000. This year Mr. Dennison, a bolting Republican, deflected a large number of votes, and the scattering ballots so distributed the strength of the district that no one has a majority over all, although Mr. Dennison leads Judge Poland by a comfortable plurality of 1,191. Supposing that another trial gives nearly the same result, Mr. Dennison will go to Congress, for a plurality elects on a second ballot. The only other election of the week was in Wyoming, which resulted in the re-election of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Steele, by largely increased majorities. It has been a good week for conventions, but they have all been so much alike in their differences that it is hardly worth while to give particulars. We may say, however, that party discipline everywhere shows encouraging signs of weakness. Even the *Boston Journal* admits that it will be well "to take unusual care in the selection of candidates, for voters seem to have little regard for the binding authority of regular nominations unless meeting their approval." The attention of Democratic editors is respectfully called to the fact that nominal Republicans are far in advance in advocating liberty of political conscience. The *World*, for instance, is delighted over the bolting of Vermont Republicans from objectionable "regular" nominations. Will it be equally ready to advise its Democratic readers to do likewise should the "regular" ticket bear any doubtful names in November? Or isn't sauce for the goose sauce for the gander, after all?

Affairs have not come to a general crisis as yet in the South, though we must admit that the prospect is very gloomy, and that the breach is widening between the whites and blacks. The two principal outrages of recent date are reported from Tennessee and Louisiana. The first of these was the entry of an armed mob into the jail at Trenton, the jailer having been frightened into submission, and the murder of sixteen negroes who were in custody on a charge of kidnapping. Such a performance as this, inexcusable as it is under any circumstances, is especially atrocious in a State where, like Tennessee, the whites largely outnumber the blacks, and a "negro uprising" is a physical impossibility. This affair is distinctly chargeable, however absurd such an idea may seem, to the traditional horror of a negro insurrection which has come down from slave times. The Governor of Tennessee is making laudable efforts to secure the arrest and punishment of the murderers, and there is no doubt but that a vast majority of the white population is very properly shocked at the outrage. The Louisiana affair is of a different character, though it involved the killing of several persons. It is apparently a putting in practice by the "White League" of principles not laid down in their declaration. Conshatta is a remote Red River Parish, which has by fair means or foul been strongly Republican, and has as a natural consequence a Republican set of State officers. Threats of a definite nature were made against these officers, who were charged with having incited the negroes to murder and rapine, and the Sheriff not unnaturally summoned a posse for his protection. The posse was overawed, however, and the officers required to resign, which they did on condition of being escorted to the Texas line. The desired escort was furnished, but was in turn overawed by a party of armed men, who summarily shot the late sheriff and his companions. In this case, as in Tennessee, the parties seem to have been divided by color, although the sheriff and some at least of his party were white. Governor Kellogg has promptly issued a proclamation charging the "White League" with the perpetration of this outrage and offering a reward for the arrest of the murderers. His statement of the details, considering his antecedents, will be received with considerable allowance, but his purpose to punish the offenders will be applauded in all respectable quarters, however futile his efforts may prove to be. Such are the two most glaring instances of the "war of races" that have occurred within ten days. It will be observed that they both took place in regions which are notoriously lawless, and have always been conspicuous for vendettas and the like.

A conference of the Government authorities has resulted in the issue of a circular to United States marshals in the disaffected districts calling their attention to the laws covering the cases in question and instructing them to proceed with all official power against the offenders, where the laws of the United States have been broken. The Secretary of War has been instructed to station troops at points which seem most advantageous for coöperation with the marshals, and the details will be left to him and to the Attorney-General. Where an adequate number of troops is to come from is quite another matter; but the orders are issued as if we had reserves to draw upon to any reasonable extent. No doubt the peace will in most instances be preserved; but wherever it is preserved by the presence and intervention of troops, the question in its general bearings must be regarded as unsettled. Until fair elections are held without intimidation of any one, this strife between the races will continue. The laws are sufficient if carried out in good faith to effect the ruin of carpet-baggers, of ignorant and vicious blacks, and of all the adventurers who have brought about this wretched state of things. If the published programme of the White Leagues could be literally carried out, these leagues might have the peaceful influence which their managers appear to hope for. But this seems to be impossible. A league of races against one another necessarily involves more or less oppression to the weaker race, and that is precisely what cannot be allowed in the South. The only peaceful solution of the present troubles is the resolute coöperation of well-disposed people, irrespective of party, to prevent trickery at the polls. Two or three honest elections will effectually obliterate political distinctions of race. The obliteration of social distinctions on account of color we need not hope for within the present century. The party that puts trustworthy men in office will draw to its support enough voters of diverse complexions to assure its lease of power during good behavior.

The Household.

A PLEA FOR GREEN PAPER CURTAINS.

By A. R.

WHAT could seem more innocent or more monotonously commonplace than a green paper curtain? Yet to any diligent newspaper reader, these simple words convey a series of pictures, and a moral of such length as to reach almost to the dignity of a sermon.

There appears to the mind's eye a parlor given over to dust and darkness; a living room whose chief characteristic is conglomeration; a family of tasteless women whose proper emblems are the broom and scrubbing brush, and of coarse men who know no better life than a dreary alternation of work and sleep. Company is the *bête noir* of the whole establishment, as indeed it may well be. The volcanic convulsions which precede the advent of a guest might not be often endured with impunity.

Into this desert drops a young woman, of marvelous beauty and a miraculous supply of white gowns. The parlor reappears, bright with sunshine and lace, and articles of *vertu*, and full of elegant women in Parisian toilets, and brave men who discourse only of poetry and philosophy.

We are told to look first on this picture and then on that, and we are assured that a liberal supply of white gown applied externally ought to transform the one into the other. We must cease to so devote ourselves to the common things of life, or, at least, we must pay so much more attention to the beautiful, that the most vulgar occupation will be idealized. Our homes should be crowded with articles evidencing taste and refinement, bought for infinitesimal sums, or made of shavings and rags or their equivalent. Flowers must be everywhere, arranged in new devices or characteristic conceits, full of beauty for the eye, and education for the brain. The best rooms in the house are none too good for the family; for the cardinal point of this new creed requires that they shall "live all over the house," and that, from parlor to kitchen, there shall be never a time nor a place unprepared for guests. Withal the mistress should be always adorned as a bride for her husband; in garments, however, on which (paradoxical as it seems) she has bestowed no time, but infinite thought, adapting them perfectly to her style and circumstances! In this model household, moreover, no machinery is ever visible, though household affairs are as regular as if impelled by some perpetual motion machine, and as far removed from the domain of the parlor as if situated in a different country!

For a family consisting of husband and wife and maiden sister, this is all very well; but few households are so happily constituted. It is the mother of children, the hostess of unexpected and unlimited guests, who feels the strain of "living all over the house." From morning till night, there is no rest for the sole of her foot. She must be now here, now there, assured by the sight of her own eyes and the labor of her own hands, that the boys' hats are not on the floor, that the newspapers are carefully put in the rack, the children's toys neatly piled in a corner, the stockings she is mending properly arranged, with the newest on top.

Then there is that little matter of flowers. A very small part of living, every one knows; and yet the simplest arrangement of flowers already picked will take at least two hours every other morning in the week. I speak of ordinary-sized country houses. The picking is often the work of the same deft hands, and that will take another hour. But if Madame be especially æsthetic much more time than this must inevitably be spent over the bowls of mignonette and heliotrope, the baskets of ferns and daisies, the decorations of clematis that hang from the arch, or clamber up the baluster.

Yet, oh ye preachers of the beautiful, ye scarcely stop for breath before beginning another tirade! This time it is on the lack of cultivation in the average American woman; her ignoble content with a humdrum existence; her blind devotion to home. Neither lecture, opera nor church ever draws her out, were she never so literary or gay or religious in the days of her girlhood.

Did it ever occur to you that she was too tired to enjoy any of these things? The housewife has but one pair of feet—but two hands; and though her brain long ago anticipated Brown-Sequard, in learning to work on both sides, her body can be in but one place at a time. Is it any wonder that the really artistic arrangement of shells in the parlor, or the beautiful basket of wild flowers in the dining-room, have ceased to charm her; or that the dainty dessert she was an hour in concocting tastes very differently from what she had anticipated?

It is to the weary house-mother, whose feet are tired and whose hands are heavy long before her family know the danger or can guard against it, that I preach a gospel of green paper curtains. Shut up your parlor. Then the toys and the newspapers and the stockings may run riot.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,"

will mind neither the one nor the other. The casual acquaintance and the visitor who cannot endure noise or tumult can find in the sanctity of the parlor an undisturbed retreat, as long as fancy or convenience dictate. Moreover, let the green paper curtain pervade the house. Live everywhere a less elaborate life. Do not let the possible invasion of an unexpected guest impose upon you an unbroken succession of the best damask and innumerable courses, but quietly give him what the family eat, no matter if the table-cloth is coarse and the meat "picked up."

Let most of your company, however, be expected beforehand; and I beseech you "make a difference" for them. It is an attention you owe to the rarity of their coming. And out of doors are daisies and clematis, in lovelier combinations and greater profusion than the most artistic conception or the deftest fingers can rival. Take fewer steps. Do not mind if every inch of your house does not express yourself. There is just a shade of danger that you may evaporate in expression. The people whose opinion is worth having will find out in some way what you are like. The others will live outside of your life to all time.

I am not pleading for an entire abandonment of the æsthetic, for a return to the dust and darkness, but only for a golden medium. A medium course in everything. For if the shut-up parlor is allowed to absorb all the taste and all the money, if the "difference" that is made for company is too great a difference, the mischief will be doubled, not divided.

The Little Folks.

JOSH'S PIG.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Rose Terry Cooke.

THERE was an old woman who lived by the sea,
As I shall shortly tell,
In a little brown house by a cedar-tree,
With a pig-stye, barn, and well.

Now this old woman was stiff and queer;
Her husband had sailed away,
And her sons lay dead, this many a year,
Deep down in Buzzard's Bay.

She lived alone on the Vineyard shore,
Except for one small child;
She scowled at all who came to her door,
But for little Josh she smiled.

A naughty and merry boy was he,
Who liked to have his way,
To wade all day in the edge of the sea,
And dance about in the spray.

To stone the peeps on the shining beach,
And scare his granny to bits,
Swimming almost into the breakers' reach,
Where they foam on the sandy spits.

But he had a torment of his own,
A torment and delight,
A little black pig that lived all alone
In the woodshed day and night.

A wee fat pig, with a curly tail,
And eyes as bright as coals;
His ears upright like a schooner's sails,
And a nose as sharp as a mole's.

The funniest pig that ever you saw,
He could scratch and bite and squeal,
And everything went to his hungry maw
He could either beg or steal.

He would scramble out of his tiny pen,
And open the woodshed door,
Break up the nest of the setting hen,
And scamper down to the shore;

Or into the onions just set out,
Or over the growing corn,
And root them up with his wicked snout,
The worst pig ever was born.

Now one day Josh began to run
As fast as he could go,
For soldiers were coming with pike and gun
From the ship that lay below.

He ran away in the woods to hide,
But Granny she staid at home;
She was old, and stiff, and weak beside,
So she staid to see them come.

They drove her cow from the little barn,
They killed her hens and cocks,
They stole her skeins of good gray yarn,
And her store of winter socks.

She bore it all in silent rage,
Though the heart in her breast grew big;
But Granny forgot her feeble age
When they found little Josh's pig.

She hid it under her linsey gown,
But piggy began to squeal:
You could almost hear it at Edgartown,
That shrill and angry peal.

A soldier heard him quite too well,
And seized him where he lay;
"Ho! ho! little piggy, you've rung the bell,
I'll carry you, too, away."

Then piggy he squealed both loud and long,
And Granny began to scold;
Her weak old arms grew stiff and strong,
Her fingers they took good hold.

She caught the trooper's scarlet coat,
She caught his yellow hair,
She shook till he bleated like a goat,
And begged the old woman to spare.

"You awful cretur! why, what do you mean
To rob an old woman so?
You sneaking, mis'able horse-marine!
You let that little pig go!

"You've stole my chickens, and calf, and cow,
But I've got you by the wig:
There's one thing you shan't have anyhow—
You shan't have Josh's pig!"

The drum it beat a loud recall,
The old woman's grasp was sore,
He was deaf and dazed with piggy's squall.
So he dropped it on the floor.

When Josh came back from the wood at night.
A frightened boy was he;
"Come in!" said Granny, "for you're all right,
They haven't got little pig-gee!"

Now all small people who read my song,
I wish you a wish to-day:
May you have a Granny as bold and strong,
If your pig is stolen away!

JOHNNY CLIMBS INTO GEOGRAPHY.

By Adam Stwin.

"IS this the highest mountain in the world?" Johnny asked, surprised and bewildered by the new aspect of the strange great world we looked down upon from our high position on the top of Wild Cat Hill.

Mountains were something new to Johnny. The hills of Prospect Park were the highest he had ever seen before, except some far-off ranges he caught glimpses of from the car window as we came into the country. He could hardly believe me when I told him they were as high as the one we had climbed with so much labor that bright summer morning. "They looked small," I said, "just as our house looks small away down there in the valley, because of the distance."

"There among the trees by the river? I can see it—and the white church on the hill, too, and the brick school-house. They look like toy houses! The hill looks flat almost; it's awful steep from Grandpa's. Is that the mountain back there where the woods are?"

"Certainly," I said. "Don't you see the gray line where the high rocks are?"

"Everything is so queer!" the little fellow went on, gradually getting used to the new appearance of things, "and so small. It's like a picture. The river looks as though I could step across it—and how far it goes!"

It was a pretty sight truly to see the river winding down from the distant mountains, now still and black between wooded shores, now flickering in the sun as it dashed over rapids, here spreading round green islands, there pouring over white falls or sleeping under bridges! No wonder the boy gazed with wide eyes wonderingly, as if upon a bit of fairy land.

"Where does it come from?" he inquired at last.

"The river?"

"Yes, the river."

I pointed to where a blue peak stood up against the sky, with a white cloud trailing from its top like a snowy banner, and told him that on the further side of that mountain was a beautiful lake, and the river came out of it, running between old White Cap (as the mountain's name is) and the steep mountain to the left of it.

"Are those mountains too?" Johnny exclaimed. "How smooth and blue they look, like clouds almost. Are there trees on them?"

"Except where they look white," I replied. "A few years ago a great fire burned all the trees off that flat-topped one on the right, and now the bare rock looks as though covered with snow. And that white streak on the highest mountain is bare rock, too. One time after a heavy rain all the trees that grew there slid down the mountain with all the loose earth, leaving that long rocky scar, as broad as the river and as long as from here to Grandpa's.'

"Why, it doesn't seem bigger than my hand!" said Johnny. "It must be a very great mountain—higher than this."

"Very much higher—may be as high as all these hills round here piled top of each other," I said.

Johnny looked at them a long time, trying very hard to think how big that would be. Finally he said: "Do you think this mountain will ever be as big as that?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think it ever will. It is more likely to get smaller. All the mountains round here seem to be wearing out."

"Wearing out! Do mountains ever wear out? How can they?"

"Not exactly as your hat or shoes do," I replied; "still they are constantly wearing away little by little, and must finally become much smaller than they are now. You can see for yourself."

"Can I?" Johnny asked eagerly. "What wears them—the clouds?"

Johnny had seen the rain clouds driving over the mountains furiously, with a great roar of wind and thunder, and it was natural that he should think of them first.

"But why didn't they break down the trees, then?" he went on a moment after, doubting the correctness of his suspicion.

"It is rather what comes out of the clouds," I said.

"Oh, I know," said Johnny, "the lightning!"

"The lightnings help a little, may be, but the rain does most. You saw how muddy the river was yesterday after the shower?"

"Guess I did!" said Johnny. "It spoiled the swimming."

"Where did the mud come from?"

"Out of the road."

"Some of it; but more came from the hillsides. Where do you think this white sand comes from?" I continued, scraping a handful from a clear space at the lower edge of the big rock we had been sitting on.

"The rain must have washed it there yesterday," said Johnny, seeing how fresh and moist it was.

"Where did the rain find it?"

Johnny gave a quick glance toward the top of the rock. There was nothing but clean rock to be seen that way, for we were on the very brow of the hill. He thought a moment, then asked me to help him to the very top.

"Could the wind blow the sand here?" he inquired, after we were rested a little from our scramble up the sloping rock.

"Possibly; but this doesn't look like the sand down in the valley, and it seems too coarse to be blown so far," I replied, rubbing a little of it in my hand.

While I was speaking Johnny's busy fingers began to flake off small scales of stone where a shallow pool of rain-water stood in a little basin in the rock. I took a couple, rubbed them together, and they crumbled into sand like that I had brought from below. Johnny's eyes brightened at the sight.

"I think the sand must have come from here," he said.

"Right," said I. "Part of it at least. In the winter the water in the rock freezes and bursts off these scales, and makes them crumbly. Then the rain batters them to pieces and washes the sand away."

We slid down the rock and found quite a stream of coarse sand along its lower edge. At one point the water had overrun the grass, flattening it and scattering sand over it. Lower down it poured over another sloping rock and united with several other little streams. The further we went the greater the rush of water seemed to have been until we came to a gully where there must have been quite a torrent during the storm. Here a good deal of sand was strewn along, with spaces of mud where pools of water still remained.

"We might follow this channel all the way down the mountain to where it joins the brook we got a drink out of coming up," I said, "but it is easier to take the path."

"Yesterday and every day when it rains thousands of streams like this rush down this and the other mountains, each more or less colored by the sand and earth it washes from among the rocks. The little streams run into the brooks, the brooks into the river, and all are busy carrying away the substance of the mountains. Is it any wonder that they are wearing out?"

"It will take ever and ever so long to wear them quite small, won't it?"

"What makes you think so?"

"They're so large and the rocks are so hard."

"True, it will take more years than you will ever be able to number."

"I'm glad of that," said Johnny, hopefully.

"Why?"

"Because"—and the little fellow looked over the sea of mountains with the air of a great explorer—"because I'm going to climb them all when I'm a man, and I want them to be big."

ROBBIE'S VISIT TO THE STORE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"ROBBIE," said mamma, one day, when he was out in the yard playing with his cousin John, "I want you to go down to the store for me. John can go with you."

"Well," answered Robbie, leaving the railroad track he was building with little sticks of kindling wood and coming up to the door, "I'll be a real help then; won't I, Mamma?"

"Yes," said mamma. "Now here is a porte-monnaie. It has a note to the grocer to tell him what I want, and just enough money to pay for it. Give them both to him, and bring home the package he will give you. John, will you go with him?"

"Yes'm," said John.

Robbie put the porte-monnaie in his pocket, and started off, feeling quite manly and old, for this was the first time he had been sent on his own responsibility to do an errand.

The journey to the store was without adventure. When they went in Robbie walked up to the proprietor and handed him the pocket-book.

The man took it, but did not seem to know what to do with it. He looked from Robbie to John.

"There's a letter in it," said Robbie; "my mamma sent it—and some money."

The man read the note, took the money, and proceeded to tie up a small package, with which the two boys started for home.

A few doors off was a candy store, and before the delightful things in the windows they stopped.

"I wish I had a penny," said John, "I'd buy one of those big sticks of candy."

"P'raps the man 'll sell us one 'thout a penny," said Robbie.

"You go and ask him," suggested John, ready to catch at any straw of hope, however slight.

Robbie walked in.

"What can I do for you, my little man?" asked the candy man.

"Will you sell us two sticks of candy for nothing?" asked Robbie, frankly.

The man laughed, but he opened a jar and took out two sticks, which he gave to Robbie.

"There, I'll sell you some to-day on those terms, but a great run of such custom would ruin me," and he laughed again.

Robbie thanked him and went out.

"Did you get it, really?" asked John, who was a good deal older than Robbie and knew more about the world.

"Course I did," said Robbie, "an' there's your stick," and the two young gentlemen walked slowly on towards home, munching the candy as they went.

"Robbie," said John, in a few minutes, "give me a bite of your candy, won't you?"

"Why, where's yours?" asked Robbie.

"All ate up," said John. "I guess it wasn't so big as yours," he added, boldly, though the fact was he had stuffed his down as fast as he could, on purpose.

"Well," said Robbie, innocently, "take a bite," and he held the stick out.

John opened his mouth wide and took a large bite.

"That was too much," said Robbie, looking ruefully at the small piece left in his hand.

"You didn't say how big," said John, with a grin.

"Is that the way you want me to treat you?" asked Robbie, reproachfully. "Can't you remember the golden rule?"

John couldn't remember it, and they walked on till they came to an empty lot, which they crossed over to cut off a corner.

"See that kitty!" said Robbie, pointing to a cat lying in a very careless attitude on a pile of ashes. "I guess she's tired."

"Dead," said John, coolly, turning her over with his foot.

"I guess mamma can cure her," said Robbie, who had great faith in mamma's capabilities. And in a few moments that long-suffering woman was horrified to see Robbie come in, carrying affectionately in his little arms a dead cat. Before she could speak he laid it down on the lounge.

"There, mamma, take care of that kitty. I don't think it'll get well. It has no eyes, but the holes are there."

"Oh Robbie!" exclaimed mamma, in horror, "why did you touch it at all? It's dead long ago."

"When'll it have its funeral?" asked Robbie, with interest.

"Cats don't have funerals," said mamma, hastily opening the door, and calling to Jane to bring a shovel and remove the body.

"Rats do," said Robbie: "there's a graveyard out in the garden. I made it," and he followed Jane out to see where she put the cat, evidently with the intention of making an addition to the yard in question.

"Robbie," called mamma, "where's the package from the store?"

"John put it on the steps," said Robbie, "'n I bought two sticks of candy for nothing."

"Where did you buy them?" asked mamma.

"Oh, at the candy store, 'n Mrs. Brown's got her sewing all done."

"What?" said mamma, perplexed, for Mrs. Brown was a woman who did sewing for other people; "did she tell you so?"

"No," said Robbie, "but there's a sign on her house, 'n John can read it, 'n it said, 'Sewing done here,' when our sewing's all done will you put out a sign, mamma?"

"Perhaps I will," said mamma, laughing, "I think I should feel like it."

Then John, who was sitting on the side steps, called Robbie. He started to go, but at the door he turned, determined to tell all the news. "Mamma, I know some one 'ts going to lecture, to-night."

"Do you?" asked mamma, "who?"

"Pruswessor Swing," said Robbie, triumphantly, "I heard a man say so."

Mamma laughed, and Robbie went out, and then she remembered that since the boys went out a man had begun cutting the grass in the front yard. So she went to the door.

"Robbie," she said, "if you and John go into the front yard you must keep on the walks, and not trouble Mr. Parker, who is cutting the grass."

"O! I know Mr. Parker," said Robbie, boldly, "he is'nt afraid of me!"

PRIVATE PROPERTY—*No Interference.*—Not long ago an officer of the London School Board was crossing Covent Garden at a late hour, when he found a little fellow making his bed for the night in a fruit basket.

"Would you not like to go to school and be well cared for?" asked the official.

"No," replied the urchin.

"But do you know that I am one of the people who are authorized to take up little boys whom I find as I find you?"

"I know you are, old chap, if you find them in the streets, but this here is not a street. It is private property, and if you interferes with my liberty, the Duke of Bedford will be down upon you. I know the hact as well as you."

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

IT is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by the mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last.

There are two little poems, descriptive of a child saying this prayer, that are among the tenderest in our language, and we give them both. The first is from *Putnam's Magazine* (now merged into *Scribner's Monthly*):

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

Where the other originally appeared we do not know. It is called "The Unfinished Prayer," and is equally tender and beautiful:

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord—" The sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

—*Lutheran Home Monthly.*

Puzzles.

AN ENIGMA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

62 letters.

19, 53, 10, 62, 40, 30, 4, 27, 46, 51, 16, is one of Bryant's poems.
54, 10, 23, 8, 37, 14, is one of Whittier's poems.
62, 20, 6, 44, 12, 28, 59, 33, 39, 61, 26, a well-known literary man.
58, 35, 22, 56, 14, 6, 27, 2, 24, is the author of 49, 55, 58, 41, 34, 57, 37, 21.
50, 34, 48, 11, 32, 62, 31, 13, 25, 15, one of Longfellow's famous poems.
5, 17, 20, 54, 9, 43, 45, 27, 33, 13, 1, 40, 29, 52, 42, 7, 38, is another of Longfellow's poems.
18, 3, 47, 60, 36, 25, 50, is one of J. R. Lowell's poems.
My whole is a quotation from Whittier. COLBURN.

A METAGRAM.

Complete, I am a dwelling-place. Change my head, and I am torn. Change again, and I am crooked. Again, and I am a hole. Again, I am a coin. Again, I am a fast. Behead and transpose, and I am a number. Transpose again, and I am a snare. Change my head, and I am a favorite. Change again, and I am worn as an ornament. LENA.

A FLORAL ENIGMA.

To three-eighths of a marigold and one-seventh of a verbena, add one-fifth of a poppy, one-half of a lily and one-fifth of a lilac, and see what flower we will find. FLORA.

A CHARADE.

My first we see every day; my second is what my first should be; and of my whole we form a part. POLLY.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Read across: 1. A consonant.
2. Unprepared.
3. To frolic.
4. An abyss.
5. A consonant.
Read downward: 1. A consonant.
2. A knock.
3. Swift.
4. Moisture.
5. A consonant. VENA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUGUST 26.

Charades.—1. Jew, buy, Lee—Jubilee. 2. Miss, cell, any—Miscellany.

A Crossword Enigma.—Hemans.

A Square Remainder.—1. Selma—Elm.
2. Gleam—Lea.
3. Imans—Man.

A Drop-Letter Puzzle.—
"The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

A Square Word.—
L I N K
I D E A
N E A T
K A T E

Uppermost Topics.

CUSTER'S RAID.

[From the Advance.]

CUSTER'S raid into the Black Hills region was doubtless glorious; like the battle of Blenheim, a famous victory. But what was it all for? What was its pretext? Had he any proper business up there? Had our government any right to let him go there? In whose interest did he go? Now that the world of uneasy adventurers has been set agog, wondering at the flowery and flaming reports sent forth as to the new "Eldorado," and Indian Paradise, the *casus belli* becomes too transparent. Our treaty stipulations and the honor of the country ought to have kept this Indian "preserve" free from such violation. But on the heels of Gen. Custer's highfalutin accounts of the marvelous discovery, Gen. Sheridan issues a proclamation, warning all white interlopers off! We wonder if this shrewd general ever tried to kindle a camp fire by pouring on a little powder, expecting to clap his finger over the nozzle of the flask just in time to save it from the flash.

A CASE OF ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

[Examiner and Chronicle.]

M. HYACINTHE LOYSON, familiarly known as Father Hyacinthe, has resigned the position he held as pastor of the "Old Catholics" of Geneva. His letter of resignation, addressed to the Swiss Conseil d' Etat, is as follows:

M. President and Gentlemen: Attached as I am from the very depths of my heart to the Catholic Church, in which I have been baptized, and whose reform, not overthrow (*bouleversement*), I desire; convinced, besides, by an experience now sufficiently prolonged, that the spirit which prevails in the Liberal Catholic movement in Geneva is neither liberal in politics nor catholic in religion, I have the honor of tendering you the resignation of my office as curé of the parish of this city. Accept, etc.,

Hyacinthe Loyson.

The stone has been rolled to the top of the hill: shall it roll back or roll down on the other side? M. Loyson has hoped that it might stand still on the sharp ridge, but it will not, and cannot. He has taught the people that in the exercise of their private judgment they may decide that the decree of the Vatican Council is not binding upon them. But he forbids them to judge in like manner of the decrees of any previous council. So Luther dreamed that he could defy the Papacy and still be a Catholic believer. So Henry VIII. tried to establish the entire Papal system, with himself as pope. But all such attempts are merely provisional. They either come to nothing or develop into some form of Protestantism. That is the alternative with what is called the "Old Catholic" movement. It is a beginning. It must either be succeeded by a movement in the direction of a free spiritual Christianity or prove a failure, all the more lamentable from the abilities and the virtues of those who originated the demonstration.

We say *some* form of Protestantism; it will not necessarily merge in any of the historical forms of the Reformed faith. But if it is to be a real religion, and not a mere system of religious observance, it must absolve the people from obedience to priestly rule, and send them to the Word of God and the sole Mediation of Christ. Without some appeal to the heart and conscience, some watchword of spiritual faith, the movement can never become both popular and religious. It may become popular and irreligious. It may take—we are not sure, from some reports that have reached us, that it has not already taken—that worse direction in Switzerland, and that both piety and Catholic prejudice would concur to withdraw a man like M. Loyson from communion with it.

SENATOR BROWNLOW ON THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

[From an open letter to the Hon. Truman Smith, published in the *New York Tribune*.]

IT is just two weeks since one of the most exciting and memorable elections was held in this State of which there is any record since the days of Andrew Jackson. . . . The result of the election is the overwhelming defeat of the Republican party, a defeat from which the party cannot recover within the next five years, and which it will not probably recover during the lifetime of the present generation. Thousands of ex-Union soldiers, who never before or since the war voted other than a Republican ticket, went to the polls vehemently cursing the Republican majority in Congress, and deposited their ballots for original Secessionists against their comrades in the Union army, swearing as they did so that they would never again vote with a party which supported the co-education of the races. . . .

The sole issue in our election was the Civil Rights Bill. And the letter you wrote me, in view of the election since held, is prophetic. You say, writing on June 25, the tendency of this measure "will be to unite the great body, perhaps I should say all, of the white race of that section in political action against the colored race, and in such a contest the former are certain to obtain the ascendency, unless South Carolina be an exception." Mississippi may be added to South Carolina as sustaining the Republican party if Congress shall pass this bill; but in no other Southern State, with this bill adopted, will the Republican party have any chance of success. With this load of mixed schools to carry, the only result of an election in Tennessee will be to take the census of the white and black voters, and as there are only 40,000 colored to 240,000 white voters, it does not require much genius for mathematics to show that the Republican party is doomed in this State and the South.

It is no longer a question as to whether we will have mixed schools in the Southern States where the whites have the majority. The elections already held show that to be as impossible as it is for the distinguished editor of *Harper's Weekly*, who assails your and my position, to be made Pope of Rome, unless the National Government shall do it by force of arms. The North has the power to do this by passing Mr. Hoar's bill for a system of compulsory education; but to do so it will be necessary to station Federal troops in every county of the border States. I have been written to by a large number of persons in different Northern States who desire to settle in Tennessee, to know the effect of the passage of the Civil Rights bill on our school system. These writers tell me they will not settle in a State where there is no system of free public instruction. I tell my correspondents that the white people of Tennessee are very anxious for immigration. They feel that their State is languishing for the want of it; that it can never be truly prosperous and have its vast resources developed without it; that as an earnest of their desire for immigration they have established as liberal a system of free public instruction as any Middle, Western or New England State, and perhaps a more liberal system in view of their straitened financial condition; that, under the constitution and laws of Tennessee, the negro is not discriminated against; that he has a fair divide, a *pro rata* share of the school fund, though he does not pay one mill on the dollar of the taxes assessed for the support of these schools. But, through the *Tribune*, I will frankly say to my numerous correspondents, that they might better not come to Tennessee until it is settled whether Congress will pass this bill for the co-education of the races, for the present generation of Tennesseeans will abolish the whole system, and be deprived of all the benefits of immigration and the development of their resources sooner than submit to this measure. . . .

It is the part of wise statesmanship to respect the prejudices of the people to a certain extent, and it is entirely evident that this prejudice must be respected in Tennessee or the free schools destroyed, and the people of both races who are too poor to send their children to private schools left without the means of education.

THE CLAIMS AND CONCESSIONS OF SCIENCE.

[From Prof. Tyndall's Address before the British Association.]

SCIENCE has already to some extent leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the midnight of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors. Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the Middle Ages, why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now? The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. All religious theories, schemes, and systems which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must in so far as they do this submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated. The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of euthusiasm of temper as a hinderance to science; but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to a diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for, without moral force to whip it into action, the achievement of the intellect would be poor indeed. . . .

Science desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort toward the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy, but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required with those already irrevocably built that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day.

FREEDOM AND RELIGION.

[Close of Prof. Tyndall's Address.]

AND now the end is come. With more time or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description, nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter and try to persuade others to do the same. I would exhort you to refuse such shelter, and to scorn such base repose—to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and, therefore, hope; in the other, none. I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over dangerous ground—and this partly with the view of telling you, and through you the world, that as regards these questions science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. I concede the possibility, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is that, whether right or wrong, we claim the freedom to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, inflicted and endured in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race. I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

TURNING BACK THE HANDS ON THE DIAL.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

WE print in another column two state papers which intimately concern every American citizen, since they are certain to affect, for good or evil, the whole future of his country. In the one, Gen. Grant directs the Secretary of War to put all the available troops at the service of the Attorney-General. In the other, the Attorney-General instructs the Federal district-attorneys and marshals in the Southern States of the Union to enforce the laws against all persons molesting colored citizens in the exercise of their rights. He has full authority from the President, he tells them, and has talked the matter over with the Secretary of War. Troops will be distributed through the South at convenient points. Whenever the marshals need military assistance, they are to call for it, and it will be promptly furnished.

The first feeling of the North will be one of surprise; such prompt action in the premises had not been expected. The second, unless we mistake public sentiment, will be one of satisfaction and approval. The third, we are confident, will be one of doubt and sober anxiety. It will be recollected that the war is now nearly ten years in the past. 'If a new military occupation and pacification of the South—for that is what it comes to—is necessary at this late day, when are we to have a settled peace? What security have we that the same necessity will not be perpetually recurring? Whether this necessity is real or fictitious,—and this is a point on which opinions will differ,—a conviction will force itself upon every thoughtful mind that it is a very grave step the President has taken, and a heavy responsibility he has assumed. It is sometimes the right thing for a nation to thus turn back and painfully retrace its steps in order to get a fresh start and then go forward with greater swiftness and certainty. But the turning back is always a serious business—never more serious than when it is a turning from the methods of peace to the methods of war.

Selections.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

WE have most of us heard of Joseph Scali ger, who learned the twice twenty-four books of the Iliad and Odyssey in three weeks; of Avicenna, who repeated by heart the whole of the Koran at theage of ten; of Lipsius, who was willing to recite the histories of Tacitus word for word, giving any one leave to plunge a dagger into his body if he made a mistake—an idle license, for few would have cared to run the resultant risk; of the youth of Corsica of good appearance, mentioned by Muretus, who recited all the barbarous words the latter had written till he was tired of writing, and stopped at last, as it was necessary to stop somewhere, while the youth, like Oliver, asked for more. "Certainly," says Muretus, "he was no boaster, and he told me he could repeat in that way thirty-six thousand words. For my own part, I made trial of him after many days, and found what he said true." This Corsican, as those others, was no doubt of a soul disdaining silver and gold, or he might have made his fortune by offering his services to an emperor. Of Francis Suarez, who, after the witness of Strada, could quote the whole of Augustine (the father's works would fill a small library), from the egg to the apple. Of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who could name in order all the signs on both sides of the way from Paternoster row at Ave Maria lane to the bottom of Cheapside to Stock's market, now the Mansion House. Of Magliabecchi, whose name is pleasantly and permanently associated with spiders and the proof of the lost MS. Of William Lyon, who for a bowl of punch —a liquor of which he was exceedingly fond—repeated a *Daily Advertiser*, in the morning, which he had read once only, and then in the course of a debauch overnight. We might extend this paper far beyond its normal dimensions by mention of such names as Jedediah Buxton, who, if his witness be true, could, by some strange mnemotechny of his own, multiply thirty-nine figures by thirty-nine without paper, and amused himself, when at the theater, by a compilation of the words used by Garrick, and at another time by that of the pots of beer drank during twelve years of his life; of Zerah Colburn, a mere child, of whom there remains on record a testimony that he could tell the number of seconds in fifty-eight years in less time than the question could be written down; or of that prodigy of parts, Pascal, who is said to have forgotten nothing thought, read or done during his rational age. "This," says the author of the essay on the "Conduct of the Human Understanding," "is a thing so wholly inconsistent with our experience of human nature that to doubt it is no reprehensible stretch of skepticism."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

EVERYBODY who goes into St. Peter's complains that the building, at first, does not look so large as he expected to find it, or as it really is. Everybody, expert or otherwise, makes the same remark. Now the regulation answer is that it is the perfection of its proportions which makes the church look small. Such an answer is nonsense. Proportions which take off from the apparent size, and, therefore, from the dignity of a building, are in their own nature disproportions. It is certainly hard on entering St. Peter's to believe that we are in a church longer than St. Albans and higher than Amiens. The reason is that the architects of St. Albans and Amiens knew what to do with their height and length, while the architects of St. Peter's did not know what to do with theirs. It is all the difference between the magnifying and multiplying principle. At St. Peter's four arches of enormous height and enormous span occupy a length which in an ancient basilica would have been occupied by twenty arches. The necessary result is that, while an ancient basilica, or a Gothic church either, does full justice to its own length, St. Peter's looks a great deal shorter than it really is. So with the height; the height which a mediæval architect would have cut up into three or four stages makes at St. Peter's only one stage; therefore, St. Peter's looks a great deal lower than it really is. Lofty pillars, with little or no triforium and a low clerestory, will often give a great effect of height, as at Milan Cathedral and in many of our perpendicular churches. But at St. Peter's there are no lofty pillars, only enormous piers. There is nothing to carry the eye vertically; there is nothing to carry it horizontally. Nor is there anything for the eye to rest on as the expression of mere repose, as in the Norman and German Romanesque.—*Saturday Review.*

"In the purchase of Advertising, as in all purchases, experience proves that the BEST *is the* MOST ECONOMICAL.

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

THERE is a right way and a wrong way to do everything. This is notably true in advertising. Many a man has thrown away all his capital in foolish advertising; and many another has made a little go a great way by judicious advertising.

An advertisement is meant to catch the public eye; therefore it should be skillfully made, not crowded, but clear and to the point. Its object is to give information, at the least possible cost, to the greatest possible number of people. For this reason, journals gauge (or pretend to) their advertising rates per line according to their circulation, and advertisers pay (or are supposed to) the highest prices to the paper of widest circulation.

"But everybody knows that," you say. Perhaps so, but people don't always act as if they knew it. For instance, the circulation of Henry Ward Beecher's *Christian Union* is more than *twice as large* as that of any other weekly religious newspaper, and three or four or five times as large as most of them; but it does not pretend to charge rates proportionately as high, so that the *Christian Union* meets the highest exaction of the advertiser, and *reaches the greatest number of people at least expense.*

For its "circulation" is a real, actual edition for paying subscribers; that paper does not carry a long list of *dead subscriptions* in order to make up a large-looking edition, but keeps only a live, paying, *real circulation* on its lists.

Advertisers can thus easily see that they get their money's worth. The rigid care exercised to keep out of the columns of the *Christian Union* everything of an objectionable character, and to favor everything which tends to elevate, or help, or enrich the daily life of the *Family*, makes this paper a favorite both with families and with advertisers. The strongest and best houses of the country are its strongest and best friends. They have tested the value of the paper. Here are one or two specimens of how they feel and write:

The great seedsmen, B. K. Bliss & Co., having condensed all their advertising into twenty-five first-class weeklies, religious and secular, say:

"The *Christian Union* has been gaining steadily and rapidly. Yesterday, for instance, out of a hundred letters, twenty-three named the *Christian Union*—nearly a fourth of the whole."

Peter Henderson & Co., another important house in the same line, writes:

"In a test of two weeks we find that the *Christian Union* has proved the best advertising medium. We advertise in about *twenty* leading papers, some of them claiming over 100,000 circulation, but find that more than *one-fifth* of our applications state that our advertisement was seen in the *Christian Union.*"

J. C. Tilton, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who inserted a two-page advertisement of his Steam Washers in the *Christian Union*, says on ordering a second insertion: "I repeat this card because my first insertion has paid me 500 per cent."

S. M. Pettengill & Co.'s Boston Advertising Agency writes:

"It is a noticeable fact that our *customers who advertise in the 'Union' once always want it on their list.*"

And testimony of like character is constantly accumulating.

The Advertising Rates, with the liberal discounts for repeated insertions, may be learned from J. B. FORD & Co., 27 Park Place, New York, publishers of the paper.

DIED.

At the dwelling of her parents, Villa Bellamy, Petit Saconnex, Geneva, Switzerland, August 15th, 1874, Susan Johnson, daughter of Leonard Woolsey and Susan Bacon, aged three years.

Financial.

From Monday, Aug. 31, to Saturday, Sept. 5.

Wall Street.—Business increases in all directions as the season advances, and it is probable that all legitimate lines of trade will make the autumn remunerative, though nothing like a heavy rush of custom can reasonably be looked for. Money remains easy on call, but there is a considerable advance in the rates of commercial paper of three months' time. Prime indorsed notes are quoted at 6½ to 7½ per cent., and good paper unindorsed, at 8 to 9 per cent. Lower rates than these are exceptional.

The Public Debt.—On Sept. 1st the Treasury statement was recapitulated as follows:

Debt Bearing Interest in Coin.	
Principal	$1,724,253,250 00
Interest	29,038,045 23
Debt Bearing Interest in Lawful Money.	
Principal	$14,678,000 00
Interest	85,560 00
Debt on which Interest has Ceased since Maturity.	
Principal	$2,578,440 26
Interest	218,081 42
Debt Bearing no Interest.	
Principal	$315,705,573 57
Unclaimed Interest	16,874 84
Total Debt.	
Principal	$2,257,215,263 63
Interest	29,356,511 49
Total	$2,286,571,775 12
Cash in the Treasury.	
Coin	$71,083,928 50
Currency	16,619,232 38
Special deposit held for redemption of certificates of deposit, as provided by law	58,690,000 00
Total	$146,393,160 68
Debt, Less Cash in the Treasury.	
Sept. 1, 1874	$2,140,178,614 24
August 1, 1874	2,141,805,375 03
Decrease of debt during past month	$1,626,760 79
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1874	2,909,626 92

Government Bonds.—Secretary Bristow has issued a call for $15,000,000 more of the 5-20s of 1862, interest on which will cease Dec. 1st, as follows: Coupon bonds third series, $50, Nos. 14,501 to 17,874, both inclusive; $100, Nos. 45,101 to 54,925, both inclusive; $500, Nos. 28,701 to 29,936, both inclusive; $1,000, Nos. 70,201 to 78,132, both inclusive; fourth series, $50, Nos. 1 to 1,310, both inclusive; $100, Nos. 1 to 1,905, both inclusive; $500, Nos. 1 to 1,786, both inclusive; $1,000, Nos. 1 to 4,370, both inclusive. Total, $12,000,008. Registered bonds—$50, Nos. 1,751 to 1,800, both inclusive; $100, Nos. 13,301 to 13,900, both inclusive; $500, Nos. 7,700 to 7,950, both inclusive; $1,000, Nos. 13,000 to 32,900, both inclusive: $5,000, Nos. 9,801 to 10,150, both inclusive; $10,000, Nos. 11,751 to 12,500, both inclusive. Appended to this call is a statement of the ten previous calls for the redemption of 5-20's bonds, (act February 25, 1862). They commence with September 1st, 1871, and aggregate to August 1st, 1874, $261,000,000, and with the present or 11th call, $476,000,000.

Gold.—The Treasury will sell only three millions during September.

The highest quotations of gold for the week with the corresponding values of legal tenders were as follows:

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 5.
Gold	109¾	109¾	109¾	110	109¾	109¾
Legal Tenders	91.00	91.11	91.00	90.81	91.00	91.00

Stocks, etc.—There has been more activity this week, with slightly advanced prices.

The highest quotations for the week were as follows:

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 5.
5s, funded cp '81,	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¼	113¾
6s..reg.....'81,	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾
6s, cp .....'81,	118¾	118¾	118¾	118¾	118¾	118¾
6s 5-20s, cp....'62,	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾	113¾
6s 5-30s, cp....'64,	116	115¾	115¾	115¾	115¾	116
6s 5-20s, cp....'65,	117¼	116¾	116¾	116¾	116¾	117
6s 5-20s,n. cp.'65,	116¾	116¼	116¼	116¾	116¾	116¾
6s 5-20s, cp....'67,	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾
6s 5-30s, cp. .'68,	117¾	117¼	117¾	117¾	117¼	117¾
5s 10-40s reg.....	110¾	110¾	110¾	110¾	110¾	111
6s 10-40s cp.....	114¾	x111¾	111¾	111¾	111¾	112¾
6s currency	117¾	117¾	117¾	117½	117¾	117¾

The following table shows the highest quotations for the week:

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 1.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 5.
N.Y.C.&H.R.	103¾	103¾	103¾	103½	103¾	103
Hariem	125	126	126	125¾	125¼	126
Erie	34¾	35¾	35¼	34¾	34	35¼
Lake Shore	73¾	75¼	74¾	74¼	73¾	73¾
Wabash	34¾	34¾	35¾	34¼	33¾	33¾
North western..	38¾	38¾	38¼	38¾	37¾	38¾
do pref....	57	57¾	57¼	57	56	56
Rock Island....	101¾	101¾	102¾	101¼	100¾	99¾
St. Paul.....	35¾	35¾	35¾	35	34¾	35¾
do pref.....	54	54	54	53	53	53¾
Ohio & Miss....	24¾	24¾	24¾	24¼	24¾	24¾
Central of N. J.	106	105¾	106	105	105¾	104
Del., L. & W....	109	108¾	108¾	108	108¼	108
Han & St. Jos..	24¾	24¾	25	24¾	23¾	23
Union Pacific..	28¾	29¼	30¾	31	30¾	30¾
Panama.....	111¾	112	112	112	111¾	111¾
Western UnTel	76¾	77¼	78¼	78¾	78½	78¼
Pacific Mail.....	47¾	47¾	47¾	47¾	47¾	48¼
Adams Ex.....	109	108½	106	106	107½	....
Am. Ex.....	61	60¾	61	61	61	....
U. S. Ex.....	67¾	68½	67½	67½	67¾	....
Wells, Fargo...	77	77¾	77	80	80	....

Foreign Exchange.—Nominal quotations at the close of the week were:

	60 days.	3 days.
London prime bankers..	4.86½	4.89

LIVINGSTON & COMPANY,

10 Pine St., New York, and London, England, buy and sell Northern Pacific and other defaulting Railroads. Draw Bills of Exchange, negotiate first-class State, City, and Railroad Securities.

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Dress Goods.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

are offering one of the Most Complete Stocks of

DRESS FABRICS

ever offered, *comprising the latest and choicest*

NOVELTIES

IN

PLAIN SILKS,

Adapted for Fall use. The latest Parisian shades. From $2 to $4 per yard.

They also offer a Beautiful Line of Pure

"Cashmere Sublime"

BLACK SILKS,

which can be relied on as GREATLY BELOW VALUE.

The Latest Novelties in design and coloring of

"AUTUMN"

Fancy Silks,

from 90c. to $1 per yard.

VELVETS.

In all the New Colors to match Dress Silks from $3 to $5 per yard, cut straight or bias, to suit customers.

Black Velvets for Trimmings,

BLUE, BLACK, and FONCE, from $2 per yard upward. *Prices and qualities exceptional.*

A magnificent line of rich

LYONS AND GERMAN

CLOAKING VELVETS,

28 inches wide, from $4 per yard upward.

An immense assortment of

Serges, Diagonals,

specially suitable for Fall wear, from 50c. to $2.50 per yard.

100 Pieces

French Merinos,

Selected Shades, at the extremely low price of 50c. per yard.

50 Pieces

Camel's Hair Cloth,

54 inches wide, at $1.50 per yard.

500 Pieces

Empress Cloth,

From 45c. per yard upward.

100 Pieces all wool

Cashmeres,

For Fall and Winter wear, at 60c. per yard.

On the Fourth Avenue Section

They exhibit a large variety of

DRESS GOODS,

From 25c. per yard upward.

500 Pieces

Bordered Prints,

The Newest Designs, at 10 and 11c. per yard. Together with full lines of

Percales, Cambrics, French Prints,

AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES.

SPECIAL.

The EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS presented by the *recent change in the Postal laws*, and the INCREASED FACILITIES afforded by the Post-Office Department for *the careful transmission and prompt delivery of merchandise parcels sent through the mails*, at the VERY LOW RATE of *one cent* for each *two ounces* on parcels weighing *four pounds* or less, will enable our friends, customers, and strangers

AT ANY POINT IN THE UNITED STATES OR TERRITORIES,

To purchase at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, and have them *forwarded at a merely nominal expense.*

SAMPLES forwarded on application. All orders shall receive immediate attention.

Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth Streets.

Farm and Garden.

MORAL SENSE IN HORSES.

In selecting a horse or mare for breeding, speed and form are not all the qualities to be looked after. Never breed to a vicious or ill-tempered horse, no matter what may be his pedigree or antecedents; and reject at once any horse lacking a sprightly intelligence. There are as many degrees of intelligence in a horse as in the human race, and without intelligence a horse is always sluggish, stupid and awkward in his movements. The thoroughbred Arabian horse has generally that capacity necessary for learning any useful lesson, that all his work and labor for man are a pleasure to the owner and apparently to the horse. We like to see a man proud of a noble horse, but more especially does it fill our heart with delight to see a horse proud of his master. There are clowns among horses, and they are always a vexation to the owner. Some will plod along the road, never looking where they step, and just as likely to step on a stump or in a hole in a bridge as any other place. But the intelligent horse takes heed to his steps, and if anything happens dangerous to life or limb to himself or his master, his judgment frequently prevents the accident. And a gentle, kind horse, with a large development of social and intellectual powers, whiles away many a weary hour of the lonely traveler, or lightens the labor of the long days of the tiller of the soil. In selecting breeders, great care should be taken relative to the social morals of both horse and mare. Like begets like, and in no case more than that of the horse. A bad and vicious temper in a horse may be checked, but never eradicated, and he will always be unpleasant, dangerous, and in his fretting and fuming will unnecessarily waste his strength. Form and action have claimed the closest scrutiny, and those qualities have been given their full importance, but the social morals of the horse have been lost sight of in the strife for speed and strength. Viciousness is almost invariably transmitted to the progeny, more certainly than color or points, and should be a serious objection to any horse as a good breeder.—*Iowa State Register.*

Mushrooms.—There is no reason why anyone who has the use of a dark cellar should not raise mushrooms on a small scale. Even city cellars will answer if the temperature is in the neighborhood of 50 degrees. The other condition is the procuring of well fermented manure, thoroughly turned and beaten down. Flour barrels sawn in two make good tubs. Four or five holes for drainage should be bored in the bottoms. Three inches of good garden soil covered with the prepared manure until the tub is half full gives a surface suitable for the spawn, half-a-dozen pieces of which, each the size of a hen's egg, are placed thereon. Then fill the tub with manure, rounding it off at the top in the shape of a dome. The temperature of the bed at the time of the insertion of the spawn should be about 76 degrees. When the spawn takes it will develop fine thread-like filaments. This should take place at the end of ten days. It should then be covered with an inch of fresh, fine-sifted soil, and in a few days the mushrooms will show themselves. They should be gathered every other day, breaking them off in the soil, not cutting them. One planting will last three or four weeks, and a second crop can be obtained by giving another dressing of fresh soil, half an inch thick, beating it down well with a spade, and watering it with water about 100 degrees temperature.

Does It Pay?—The *Rural New Yorker* suggests that farmers do not take enough things into consideration in making their estimates as to the paying qualities of certain kinds of food for stock. For instance, the experiment is made of feeding a dollar's worth of bran per week to a cow. At the end of the week an increase of two pounds of butter is noted, and the bran is given up, because it has not caused an increase sufficient to cover the whole dollar. This is not giving the bran all the credit that is its due. A fair calculation is more on this wise: Seventy cents in butter, at 35 cents a pound, to begin with; fifteen cents in milk; a saving of thirty cents in hay or other food; and ten cents or thereabout for the extra value of the manure. This gives twenty-five cents profit, instead of the thirty cents loss with which we started.

"Setting" Hens.—Here is another plan for dealing with hens whose propensity to sit is insurmountable by ordinary means. We quote from the *Tribune:*

The clam, as an ingredient of chowder, is an impressive and noble object. Little clams, roasted and peacefully reclining on their shells, have a tender and delicate grace calculated to inspire poetry and enthusiasm in the sternest souls. As the presiding element of "bakes" the clam is statesmanlike, and clams raw are food for Hercules. The clam has become celebrated in another respect. In Connecticut. We learn that when a persistent and obtrusive hen of that State has become so permeated by a sense of the whole duty of hens that she insists on sitting continually, the populace have recourse to clams. They casually put some alive into the nest, and when these interesting aquatic creatures get warm they just mildly open their shells, and that hen goes off somewhere to ruminate upon the general uncertainty of things. She doesn't come back.

Horses at Rest.—There is no reason for anxiety from the fact that a horse does not lie down when he sleeps. It is natural to many horses to sleep on their feet, and no doubt it is a good thing that they can do so. A hard worked horse can catch many a nap while stopping for a short rest, if he is not dependent upon lying down. Nevertheless, it is good for a horse to lie down at night, and there is no better way of inducing him to do so than to give him a clean, dry bed in a roomy stall. A horse that has ever lain down in a narrow stall, and had trouble in getting up, will surely, if he is an intelligent animal, be cautious about subjecting himself to like embarrassment a second time. A change of stall, too, is very likely to effect a change in habit, especially if any accident has happened to him in his old stall.

Eggs for Burns.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolks are then removed, crushed, and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. It is in general use among the colonists of Southern Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches. —*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Tools.—Now is the time of year when every agricultural newspaper in the country advises its readers to put away their tools in good order. Every one of said readers admits the excellence of the advice, and perhaps one in ten follows it. This one will find his machinery and tools in good order in the Spring, while the others will have accumulations of rust to get rid of before much efficient work can be accomplished.

Hops.—In Sweden a strong cloth is manufactured from hop stalks. The stalks are gathered in autumn, and soaked in water during the whole winter. The material is then dried in an oven and woven as flax. The buds or hops can be used as an esculent, and when boiled will do as a substitute for asparagus. The tendrils, when young, may be used in the same way.

Publishers' Department.

New York, September 9, 1874.

EXPIRATIONS.—Look at the printed label on your paper; the date thereon shows when the subscription expires. Forward the money for renewal at least two weeks in advance.

DON'T LOSE THE STORY!

Renew immediately, and don't run the risk of having your name taken off, and your paper stopped while your own tardiness has made the delay needed to get your name on again! Don't wait to have your paper stopped, as it must be promptly on expiration of your time. RENEW NOW!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

The circulation of the *Christian Union*, as is now an established fact, is more than *twice as large* as that of the largest of other weekly religious newspapers; four or five times as large as the average circulation of the fourteen largest in the country; and about *twelve times* as large as the average circulation of "American religious papers" in general; while we do not pretend to charge proportionate rates for advertising. And when we speak of "circulation," we mean our actual edition for paying subscribers; for the *Christian Union* does not carry a long list of dead subscriptions in order to make up a large-looking edition, but keeps only a live, paying, *real circulation* on its lists.

The rigid care exercised to keep out of our columns everything of an objectionable character, and to favor everything which tends to elevate, or help, or enrich the daily life of the *Family*, makes this paper a favorite both with families and with advertisers. The strongest and the best houses of the country are our strongest and best friends. They have tested the value of the paper. We are constantly getting from them expressions of their appreciation of it.

AGENTS' COLLECTIONS.

In every case of an annual subscription, the Agent will collect the entire amount due, *on delivery of the regular printed Publishers' Certificate* guaranteeing the delivery of the paper for one year. If the mounted premiums are to be paid for also, it must be *only upon delivery* of them. If frames have been ordered, pay for them *only upon delivery*. This is a clear cash business, and no subscriber need have any cause of complaint if he observes the simple rule of *not paying his money till he has something to show for it.*

AGENTS! AGENTS!

The starting off of Mrs. Stowe's charming new serial in our columns is starting up a host of new subscribers. Our agents are sending in lists from every side. The story and the new premium picture, the beautiful *Easter Cross*, are giving a splendid impetus to the work.

We want more agents to push the canvass. Many persons are looking and longing for *something to do* these dull times. To all such, we offer *immediate, simple, agreeable, easy, profitable work*, requiring only honesty, energy, and intelligence. Send to us for our circulars and terms to canvassers for our paper, and you will see what the work is, and how well it pays; take an agency and you will thank us for the suggestion, while we shall also profit by your well-paid efforts. If you don't need employment yourself, do good by helping some trustworthy and intelligent young man or woman to an immediately lucrative occupation, which is of itself a benefit to the community. Send your application, or suggest to some one else to apply to J. B. Ford & Co., either at New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, or St. Louis.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Subscribers should never pay any subscription money to any *Christian Union* agent upon any pretext, unless the agent delivers at the same time the premium pictures, and our regular printed form of Subscription Certificate, bearing the fac-simile signature of the publishers. Money paid without these guarantees is *at the risk of the subscriber.*

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PAPER.

We have Vols. V., VI., and VII. of the *Christian Union* neatly and substantially *bound*, and can furnish them post-paid at $3.00 cloth, or $5.00 half morocco. Vol. VIII. also will be ready very shortly.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

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These are two new and original pictures, painted expressly for the subscribers to the *Christian Union*, by Mrs. S. Anderson, whose mother-heart and artist-hand have brightened so many American homes with those charming Baby-Heads now called

"*Our Girls; or, Wide Awake, and Fast Asleep.*"

Either pair of these elegant Picture Premiums *will be presented to every annual subscriber to the Christian Union.* (Subscription price $3.) Or the four pictures will be presented *to every subscriber for Two Years.* The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* to the subscriber will be 50 cents for each pair.

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This has hitherto been presented to every annual subscriber *to Plymouth Pulpit* (Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermons in weekly pamphlet form). It is now given to subscribers to either *Plymouth Pulpit* or *Christian Union* (subscription price for either periodical, $3.) The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* of this premium picture to the subscriber is 50 cents. (Size 11¼x16¼ inches. Selling price in art-stores $5.)

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3. The new Cross and Flower Piece Chromo will be DELIVERED, mounted, with the *Christian Union* or with *Plymouth Pulpit* for *one year* at..... 3 50
4. Either *Pair*, mounted, and the Cross mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* and *Plymouth Pulpit*, both for *one year*, at..... 6 75
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OR,

6. Either *The Christian Union* or *Plymouth Pulpit* can be had for one year, without premiums, at..... 3.00

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Notice.—Subscribers for the Christian Union are requested to pay no money to an Agent on account of a subscription, until the Agent delivers our Picture-Premium and a certificate bearing the fac-simile signature of the Publishers, guaranteeing one year's service of the paper.

Expirations.—*Look at the printed label on the paper*; the date thereon shows when the subscription expires. Forward the money for renewal *at least* two weeks in advance.